

# COUNTRY LIFE

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SPEAIGHT.

157, New Bond Street, W.

LADY EVELYN COTTERELL AND HER CHILDREN.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

## OUR HORSE SUPPLY.

LORD EGERTON OF TATTON contributes to the current number of the *National Review* a most interesting article on this subject, concerning which we need not say there is no better authority in Great Britain.

Lord Egerton of Tatton is one of those who have not confined their attention to any single class of horse. His Shires are famous throughout the country, but he is as particular about his carriage horses and his hunters as about those used for haulage, and his expressions on the whole subject of the horse supply are simply invaluable. Naturally enough he begins by considering what effect the extended use of motors is going to have on the horse. That it will be serious is unquestionable. Lord Minto, in a speech delivered a little while ago, gave it as his estimate that the War Office required about 3,500 horses annually in time of peace, but that in time of war at least 100,000 would be required annually for mobilising the troops and for coast defence. He admitted that the Government viewed with considerable apprehension the introduction of the motor-omnibus and tramcar, which has done away with the class of horse that was extremely useful in time of war. In fact, during the campaign in South Africa the omnibus companies supplied us with more good horses than we obtained from any other source. Indeed, Lord Egerton is quite of the opinion that, as he says, motors have come to stay for certain purposes. "They will take the place of the ordinary private carriage and of vehicles for hire in the towns. They will be used to connect remote country districts with the main lines of the railways, and will render unnecessary the construction of light railways. The larger brewers' drays and tradesmen's vans will be propelled by steam or petrol engines." This means the supersession of a great number of heavy horses. Light horses, however, will continue to be needed for light carts in country and suburban districts. At least, that is the case in France, where motor-cars are used more than in any other country. In fact, they have increased in four years from a

small number to 17,107, their relative value in horse-power being represented by 26,427 in 1901, and by 120,919 in 1904. Everything in the motor-car world points to the cheapening and consequent multiplication of these vehicles, so that any movement which has gone on in the past three or four years is likely to be continued in the future, and we take it that, as far as it is possible for the motor-car to supersede the horse, that will be accomplished.

Lord Egerton of Tatton does not at all anticipate, however, that horses will be superseded for purposes of agriculture, though, as we are well aware, the agricultural motor has been making very great advances of late. Still, though it will be used for a great many purposes on the farms, there is no prospect of its replacing the horse to any very great extent for years to come. Again, in town, the Clydesdale and the Shire horses are likely to be in demand for drawing heavy vans of four or five tons for short distances between the mill and the railway or quay. Light horses, too, are likely to remain in demand by the upper classes. After all, there is a certain amount of exercise to be obtained from riding that cannot be got from a motor-car, and we may take it as certain that hunting, riding, and driving will continue to be the favourite amusements of the well-to-do, whereas motoring for pleasure might go out of fashion at any moment. Lord Egerton of Tatton says truly enough that although the rapid flight through the air is exhilarating, it is accompanied by an overstraining of the nervous system and exhaustion, and is followed by a reaction, and he betrays a preference for the four-in-hand coach as a more enjoyable means of driving through the sylvan beauties of England and enjoying the scenery in a leisurely and delightful manner. He sums up his reflections with a statement that there are four classes of horses which are likely to remain in demand by the English people. The first of these are race-horses. Besides those that are actually fit to run there must always be a huge residue of animals not quite up to Turf form that will be available for other purposes. Apparently the writer would favour the re-establishment of more long-distance races, so that the bone and stamina of the old English thoroughbred might be retained or revived. If this were done, the horses not good enough to win races would still be available for officers' chargers, hunters, or even for the cavalry, if they were purchased at two or three years of age by the Government for that purpose. Secondly comes the light agricultural horse, or half-bred. This is an animal still produced in Ireland; but Lord Egerton says that, unfortunately, many of the best mares of this class have been exported to foreign countries during recent years, and he thinks that in future this class must be supplied by crossing the farmer's mare with the stout thoroughbred. The cross has at Birdsall produced capital weight-carrying hunters. Lord Egerton's opinion is that the stallions for this class should be 16h. high or under, and of good bone and action. The third class is the old English roadster—the hack or nag that carried the esquire in feudal times. It will always be required for the trap and light vehicles in country and in town. They are produced most profitably in hilly districts, with a light soil and good climate, and the best of them make capital polo ponies. Fourthly, and lastly, he places the Shire horse, or the Clydesdale. An increasing export of these horses has taken place during the last few years, when we have sent 271 to America, nineteen to Germany, twelve to Australia, and eleven to Russia.

These exhaust the practical sources of supply from home. Lord Egerton supplements his enumeration of them by one or two interesting statements in regard to his own experience. He says his tenants prefer a Yorkshire coach-horse or Cleveland bay stallion, rather than the hackney, as likely to produce stock with size as well as action, for carriage-work in towns. He tried, as an experiment, putting a cart-horse stallion to a Welsh pony of 14h., and obtained a useful farmer's mare, 16h. high. This mare he crossed with a thoroughbred horse, and obtained a useful pair of 16h. carriage horses. He next passes in review the steps that have been taken on the Continent. The Dutch Government buys annually in Ireland 300 or 400 horses, at an average cost of £41 for three or four year olds. These are sent to the Remount Department, and remain there for at least a year, after which they are fit for work, and continue in the service for ten or eleven years. The French Government has various breeding establishments, and one visited by Lord Egerton at Pau contained English and Arab thoroughbreds and crosses between them. The German Government is constantly buying both English mares and sires to improve the native breeds, and to produce mounts for their cavalry, and the same holds true in Austria and Italy.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Evelyn Cotterell and her children. Lady Evelyn is a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and married, in 1896, Sir John Cotterell, Bart., of Garnons, Hereford.



IT is to be feared that his Majesty the King of Spain received a somewhat unfavourable impression of the English climate. When he arrived here on Monday a spell of the most brilliant weather we have had for a long time came to an end, and it rained the whole of the day, so that he has every reason for believing the legends concerning the moisture of the English climate to be true. On the other hand, what was wanting in the weather was made up for in the heartiness of the welcome accorded him. When he arrived at Portsmouth the great battleships there poured forth such a salute as could scarcely be heard in any other part of the world, and on his arrival at Victoria, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, who had met him on landing, he was met by his Majesty the King, the Duke of Connaught, the Prime Minister, and many other most considerable persons in the British Empire. Moreover, wherever he went through the streets his steps were followed by cheering crowds, the cordiality of whose welcome was not damped in the slightest by the rain that kept steadily falling during the whole time. It may be permissible to add that he made a very favourable first impression on the minds of those who had the privilege of seeing him. Tall, slim, romantic-looking, he is, as far as appearance goes, all that a young sovereign can be expected to be.

As far as can be ascertained, the prospects of peace have not improved in the slightest degree during the last week. The Czar appears to have hardened his heart; or perhaps it were nearer the truth to say that his counsellors are utterly lacking in wisdom, and every new mishap appears only to drive them further on the path that they have been madly following. The latest news as we write is that the truculent Count Trepoff has been appointed Assistant Minister of the Interior and placed at the head of the revived Third Section. That is to say, he has been practically appointed Dictator or Mayor of the Palace, and from what has gone before we cannot be wrong in believing that he will try to quell with an iron hand anything in the shape of disturbance. Foreign countries have certainly been considering the question of mediation, and President Roosevelt has been holding audiences with ambassadors from nearly every civilised country. But it is extremely difficult for a third party to interfere until some direct encouragement is given by one of the belligerents. If Russia, in spite of all her mishaps, is determined to carry on the war to the point of ruin, it would seem that the civilised world can do nothing but stand aside as an idle spectator. The more we hear about the conduct of the Russian sailors in the great naval battle, the more certain do we become that they have neither the pluck nor the training to redeem the honour they have already lost.

Almost at the same moment the French Admiralty, through their chief constructor, and the English Admiralty, in the form of designs for an immense new battleship, to be called the Dreadnought, have come to the same conclusion about the teachings of the war in the East. The Dreadnought will carry nothing but 12-in. guns, of which ten, instead of the usual four, will be mounted. Besides these, only small quick-firers for engaging torpedo craft will be mounted. M. Ferrand, the French authority, states, in the most emphatic manner, his belief that it is the great battleship, unsinkable except by a mine, and discharging the heaviest projectiles at a distance of six miles if needed, with accuracy and force, that wins battles. Armoured cruisers he deems of little use in battle, and ordinary cruisers as useless as ocean liners, quoting the destruction of the Vanaj in twenty minutes, while the Cesarevitch could steam to Keachou even after a heavy fleet action. Fortunately, England's battleships now number seventy vessels.

A better "all-round Englishman" than Mr. J. W. Lowther, who by the time these lines are in print will in all human pro-

bability have been elected Speaker of the House of Commons, it would be difficult to find. He is a keen cricketer, and an excellent shot, besides having all the details of Parliamentary procedure at his fingers' ends, and is blessed with a powerful physique and unruffled temper. For many years he has managed the excellent partridge-shooting at Campsey Ash, the fine old Suffolk house of his father, the Hon. William Lowther, who, though still enjoying life in many ways, is past his eightieth year, and no longer shoots.

Surely the late Mr. G. F. Watts was the most patriotic artist that England has ever produced. By his will he has conferred a great deal upon the nation. A certain number of pictures go to various provincial galleries, and 100 of his works are to be placed at Limnerslease, the house he built for himself and in which there is a suitable gallery. To this the public are to be admitted free of charge on three days of the week, and at the charge of 1s. on the other three. For keeping this up in perpetuity provision is made in the will. A number of the portraits he made of the eminent men of his time are ultimately designated for the National Portrait Gallery, but are to be kept at Limnerslease until, under the regulations of the Portrait Gallery, they can be placed in that collection. It should not be omitted to mention that one of his pictures, "Alice," has been selected for presentation to the National Gallery of Art in New South Wales. All this seems to be a very fitting ending to a noble career. Others have written and spoken of Art for Art's sake, but Mr. Watts devoted the whole of his energy and his genius to Art for the purpose of improving and furthering the advancement and civilisation of his fellow-men. Surely this was proof enough that he in practice, at any rate, loved Art for its own sake.

#### A MOMENT.

Was it your voice that I heard  
Stealing down on the wind,  
Or only a bird  
Singing to one of its kind?  
"Love! Love! Love!" so it fell  
Soft ere the fancy fled.  
For a moment's spell  
I could forget you were dead!

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

The emigration returns recently published form rather curious reading. As far as they go they show that South Africa as a field for British emigrants is not nearly in so much favour as it was. Only 10 per cent. of those who left England to seek their fortunes abroad went to South Africa last year—or little more than half the number that went the year before. We are somewhat sorry to hear this, because the latest of our possessions is urgently in need of men for its development, and unless there is a flow of emigrants into it it will be very difficult for the white race to maintain their possession. We have always to remember that the Boers flourish there almost as much as the blacks. On the other hand, it is well that no less than 26 per cent. of the emigrants who left last year went to British North America, showing that for the moment Canada is a favourite field for settlers. Australia and New Zealand receive very few, and India and Ceylon only 2 per cent. Yet in these dependencies there must be plenty of room for the careers of those who care to leave Great Britain for them. Of those who emigrated it is instructive to note that 30 per cent. were labourers, 20 per cent. skilled artisans, 15 per cent. farm labourers, and 10 per cent. belonged to commerce and the professions. Emigration, therefore, would seem to be as yet confined to the comparatively poor. There is no efflux of men possessed of capital.

The conference on infant mortality in London directs attention to one of the greatest evils existing at the present time. It was attended by some of the most eminent of the medical profession, and the statements made can be accepted, therefore, as being authoritative. The evil is much more rampant out of London than it is within the metropolis. At Preston the death-rate of infants under twelve months amounts to no less than 218 per thousand, in Salford it is 199, in Birmingham 197, and in Blackburn 193; while in London it is 156. The last-mentioned proportion is bad enough, but, as will be seen, it is not equal to that of the provincial towns. The doctors showed very little difference of opinion as to the cause of this scandalous mortality. It comes in the main from the reluctance of mothers to nurse their own children, and from the habit of feeding them with those patent foods which are so blatantly advertised everywhere. One of the medical men pointed out how deceptive the pictures were of apparently stout and chubby children, who had been fed on this or that patent nutriment. In most cases he said the appearance was wholly deceptive, and instead of being normal and healthy



the child illustrated was found on examination to be suffering from rickets. It is a pity that children should be fed on artificial food at all; but when they are, it should be compulsory on mothers to provide such plain and wholesome nourishment as an intelligent doctor may recommend.

In our article on sea-birds there are one or two omissions, owing to the fact that the letters did not arrive till that part of the paper was printed. We may, however, supplement the account there given by one or two remarks about the Scilly Islands and Valentia Island. Mr. Mortimer writes from St. Agnes, Scilly Islands, that sea-birds are more numerous this year. The shearwater and puffin are increasing. The curlew arrived somewhat earlier. From Tresco Mr. H. Jenkins writes that he does not see any difference as regards the puffin, razorbill, and shearwater, but the guillemot does not seem so plentiful this year as before. "The shearwater," he says, "about sunset are on the water by hundreds." From Bryher, Scilly Islands, Mr. Stewart writes that the cormorant and the stormy petrel are increasing. The puffins seemed to arrive somewhat earlier than usual.

Miss Tiddy has sent us some very interesting notes—which we regret not being able to publish—from the Isle of Annet. She says that the Lord-proprietor, Mr. T. A. Dorrien-Smith, has done much to protect the sea-birds, but considers that gulls are on the increase—the common gull more than the black-backed. The oyster-catcher and the shag are increasing. Together with several other correspondents she draws attention to the greater frequency with which the gannet is seen in the Scilly Islands, though, she goes on to say, "it is doubtful whether it breeds in the islands, for it seems more scarce in May and June than at any time of the year. In winter this bird is common. At a distance, soaring high, it is difficult to distinguish from a seagull, though a glint of sun on its white back and breast as the bird darts downwards and disappears under the water with a splash (reappearing again in a moment) reveals the larger bird." She also says the common heron is often to be seen in Scilly. The natives consider that the curlew is excellent for food, and kill it for that purpose with the whimbrel. Miss Tiddy informs us that Annet is the chief home of sea-birds in the Scilly Islands, though colonies are found on other islands. The birds on Annet are puffins, gulls, razorbills, and shearwaters. The terns choose the warm sheltered beaches rather than the more exposed and crowded island. The kingfisher, redshank, turnstone, and many species of sandpiper are occasionally seen on Annet.

The mole-like and unnatural life of the little ponies that do the work in coal-mines, commonly described by the shortly comprehensive name of pit-ponies, seems to give them a special claim on our mercy and consideration, and for that reason much sympathy is due to the aims of the Yorkshire Society for the Encouragement of Kindness and Humanity to Pit-ponies. At a meeting of Our Dumb Friends' League held a few days since at 4, Grosvenor Square, by the kind permission of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, in aid of the funds of the Yorkshire pit-ponies society. Lord Zetland moved a resolution affirming the desirability of giving generous support to the society. The Bishop of Wakefield testified to the vastly-improved condition of the ponies during the years in which he had had experience of them; nevertheless, the statement of Mr. Wills, the hon. secretary, to the effect that out of 400 collieries in Yorkshire alone the society's funds enabled it to deal with twenty-two only, is evidence that much more remains to be done. One of the ways in which the society works is by a system of rewards to the pit-boys for kindness and good treatment towards the animals in their charge. At least 20,000 ponies were stated by Mr. Wills to be employed in underground work in Yorkshire.

As a very natural consequence of the recent spell of unusually dry weather, we have news from various parts of the country of extensive fires. The most serious and destructive of these seems to have taken place in the Dorsetshire heath district, in the neighbourhood of Puddletown, where it raged over the dry heather and gorse for miles and miles. The troops were called out from Dorchester to try to beat the fire out, but it seems to have been too widely extended for their efforts to be successful. A serious village fire occurred at Eydon, near Banbury, where thirteen cottages, the property of Lord Valentia, were burnt out in a very short time. The moral of all these stories, and many more of the same kind, is that it behoves every wayfarer and every cottage dweller, especially where the roofs are of thatch, to take the greatest care in times of drought to stamp out every spark and match that may be the beginning of a widespread conflagration.

The afternoon of the Eton and Winchester match at Eton, perhaps the prettiest cricket scene in this country, closed on the

historic Fourth of June, 1905, with a striking incident. Dr. Warre, punctual to the moment, as he always is, proceeded into the schoolyard, the big quadrangle between the main gates and the chapel, and ascending the chapel steps, as the custom is, in his silk gown, white bands, and college cap, held the last "absence" he will ever take on the chief day of the Eton summer. An immense crowd of distinguished visitors of all kinds entered the yard to see the absence held, and thronged it to such an extent that Dr. Warre could scarcely make his way to the steps. Every name was called over in his strong and vigorous tones, just as resonant as twenty years ago, and then the capable and respected Head-master of Eton walked through the crowd without a word to his house, with everyone's eyes upon him. It seems an anomaly that when the Provostship of Eton is not vacant, no form of preferment or dignity should await a retiring head of Eton.

The net effect on the public mind of the great billiard match has been in some inscrutable way to deepen the dislike of professional matches. No doubt the struggle was quite a *bona fide* one, and in this case Stevenson, as the better man, won; but still there is a suspicion that a great deal of the play was meant for the gallery, and that the closeness of the contest did not represent any real equality between the two players. The opinion of the experts is that Stevenson has got past Roberts in the race, that he plays as well now as the champion did in his very best days, that the start of 2,000 was wholly unnecessary, and if both players had been playing up to their best form it would have been more or less of a runaway match. Perhaps the greatness of the issue, the largeness of the crowds, and the general excitement prevented them from doing their best; but the fact remains that only two breaks of over 300 were made in the course of the match, and that the average break of both players was considerably below what they can do and what they have done. It would seem to follow, therefore, that the breathless excitement of the audience was somewhat artificial in character.

#### FULFILMENT.

When summer wakes the golden age is come,  
And flowers stand high as corn in ample sheaves,  
But ah, the birds—the birds will soon be dumb,  
And dense and dark the luminous young leaves.  
When summer wakes the roses bloom anew,  
And heather spreads wide sheets of amethyst;  
But we have lost the hyacinth's wild blue,  
And where are all the violets we have missed?  
Now in the year's full crown new jewels glow,  
The world's a-bloom, the skies new splendours take,  
Through meadows where the cowslips used to blow  
My heart turns backward still, though summer wake.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

It is only by occasional gleams that we seem to receive light on the condition of affairs in that extensive region of Africa which is under German rule; but now and then some intelligence does arrive, and the gleams that it conveys are generally rather lurid in hue. From the latest reports it is clear that all is not yet peace in the German South-West African district. Some of the farmers who left Damaraland for a while in consequence of the insecurity of life and property, owing to native raids, have returned thither, attracted by the report that all the trouble was over, but seem, on returning, to have found the state of things very much what it was before, and no settled and remunerative work on the farms yet possible. Under these circumstances the warning of the *German South-West African News*, advising those farmers who have not yet returned to delay still longer before doing so, is a timely one; but it reveals a very unsatisfactory condition of affairs, and one that appears the more serious by reason of the length of time that it has prevailed.

An international swimming competition of particular interest to Englishmen has been established at Venice by a recently-founded Society of Nautical Sports. Most people know of Lord Byron's feat of swimming the Hellespont, but fewer have probably heard of his similar feat at Venice, in which he far out-distanced a couple of friends, one English and one Italian, over a course from the Lido to Santa Chiara, in 1818. The aquatic society, which has been founded in memory of Francesco Quirini, the officer who lost his life during the Duke of the Abruzzi's Polar Expedition, have now decided to hold a race every other year over the same course of eight miles, and to call it "The Lord Byron Competition." The first race is to take place during the International Art Exhibition, and a challenge cup has been presented, to be held by the successive winners.



## AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY ROBERT BROWNING.

[This hitherto unpublished poem by Robert Browning was written in circumstances which lend special interest to the fac-simile of the MS. of which the first page is here reproduced. The lines were addressed to friends on the occasion of the christening of their eldest son, to whom the poet stood godfather. On returning to the house after the christening, Browning went into a room by himself and there wrote the poem and handed it to the parents. The MS. written thus impromptu is that now

published, having been carefully preserved in the pages of an album of the period, recently bequeathed to the writer of this note. It may be necessary to add that the copyright of the poem now belongs to the representatives of Robert Browning, and that it is here printed with their sanction, given through Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., publishers of the poet's works. The dedication runs: "Written and inscribed to W. A. and A. D. by their Sincere Friend, Robert Browning, 13, Nelson Sq., November 4, 1837."—ED.]

*a Forest-Thought.*

*Robt Browning  
Nov 4. 1837.*

*In far Esthonian solitudes  
The parent-firs of future woods  
Gracefully, airily spire at first  
Up to the sky, by the soft sand nurst:  
Self-sufficient are they, and strong  
With outspread arms, broad level and long;  
But soon in the sunshine and the storm  
They darken, changing fast their form—  
Low boughs fall off, and in the bole  
Each tree spends all its strenuous soul—  
Till the builder gazes wistfully  
Such noble ship-mast wood to see,  
And cares not for its soberer hue,  
Its rougher bark and leaves more few.*

## A FOREST THOUGHT.

In far Esthonian solitudes  
The parent-firs of future woods  
Gracefully, airily spire at first  
Up to the sky, by the soft sand nurst;  
Self-sufficient are they, and strong  
With outspread arms, broad level and long;  
But soon in the sunshine and the storm  
They darken, changing fast their form—  
Low boughs fall off, and in the bole  
Each tree spends all its strenuous soul—  
Till the builder gazes wistfully  
Such noble ship-mast wood to see,  
And cares not for its soberer hue,  
Its rougher bark and leaves more few.

But just when beauty passes away  
And you half regret it could not stay,  
For all their sap and vigorous life,—  
Under the shade, secured from strife  
A seedling springs—the forest-tree  
In miniature, and again we see  
The delicate leaves that will fade one day,  
The fan-like shoots that will drop away,  
The taper stem a breath could strain—  
Which shall foil one day the hurricane:  
We turn from this infant of the copse  
To the parent-firs,—in their waving tops

To find some trace of the light green tuft  
A breath could stir,—in the bole aloft  
Column-like set against the sky,  
The spire that flourished airily  
And the marten bent as she rustled by.

So shall it be, dear Friends, when days  
Pass, and in this fair child we trace  
Goodness, full-formed in you, tho' dim  
Faint-budding, just astir in him:  
When rudiments of generous worth  
And frankest love in him have birth,  
We'll turn to love and worth full-grown,  
And learn their fortune from your own.  
Nor shall we vainly search to see  
His gentleness—simplicity—  
Not lost in your maturer grace—  
Perfected, but not changing place.

May this grove be a charmed retreat . . .  
May northern winds and savage sleet  
Leave the good trees untouched, unshorn  
A crowning pride of woods unborn:  
And gracefully beneath their shield  
May the seedling grow! All pleasures yield  
Peace below and peace above,  
The glancing squirrels' summer love,  
And the brood-song of the cushat-dove!

## SEA-BIRDS IN JUNE.

AS many contradictory rumours have been afloat as to the condition of our various species of sea-birds, it was suggested that it would be well to send out a form of enquiry to those who have special means of acquiring information, in order to glean authentic facts about them. To-day we publish some of the answers to our questions. A rapid glance will at least show how opportune was the chosen moment. During the greater part of the year the sea-fowl are scattered. Only a few remain at the breeding sites; the others wing their way over foam and billow, following ships, diving into the waves, entering estuaries, or even making their way inland to exact tithe from lowland river and upland brook. But late May and early June find them engaged in the great domestic task of the year—building their nests, laying their eggs, and nursing the broods of young. Then, and then only, is it possible to form an idea as to whether the numbers are increasing or decreasing.

But first it is necessary to glance over the causes that may have induced any change in our avine population. The most important of these is, of course, the various Wild Birds' Protection Acts which have been passed during the last quarter of a century. For a time, in the late seventies and eighties, it looked as though many species of birds were in danger of extermination. We refer particularly to sea-fowl, because the shore was the happy hunting-ground of certain sportsmen of the baser sort, who were accustomed to loaf along it at any time of the day when they thought birds would be about. They killed anything they came across, partly for the mere pleasure of killing, but still more on the chance of obtaining something that would sell for a price to the collector; and, indeed, the collector of bird-skins

is at the bottom of the whole evil. However, those who used to preserve the avifauna of Great Britain banded together, and after some delay secured an Act for the preservation of all wild birds, since then supplemented by local provisions drawn up by the various county councils. There is no doubt whatever that this has served to increase our bird population to a vast extent; yet it is not certain that the results have been wholly good. What we are sure of is that many of the commonest species of birds have increased far beyond what is reasonable,

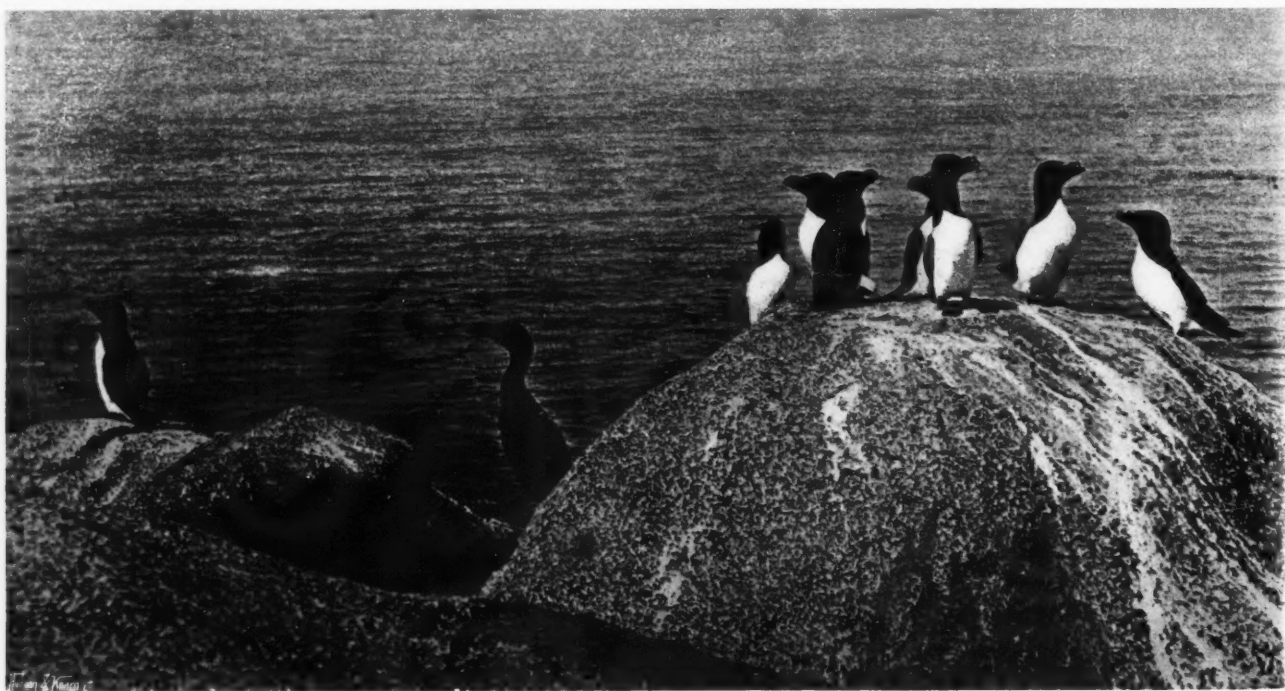
in some cases becoming absolute pests. Of the land-birds this holds true, more particularly of the sparrow, which many farmers have come to regard as no more than a kind of winged rat; of the rook, which is spread over immense new woodland areas, as the old rookeries are no longer able to provide house-room for the increased numbers; and of the wood-pigeon, a very greedy and destructive bird, that breeds very freely in a country preserved for game, and in hard weather migrates to this country from the pine forests of Scandinavia. These three have incurred the hostility of those who till the soil, but there are others that have increased to an extent equally marvellous. Among them we think the starling holds a first place; but as this bird is largely insectivorous, its growth in population has evoked no hostile feeling, though, like all other creatures, when it increases to such a point that its natural food becomes scarce, it changes its diet, and has been known in recent years to strip cherry orchards clean. However, this seems only a momentary divagation from its ordinary habits, and, as we say, the generality of people are very glad to see this sprightly and handsome bird flourishing so much in the land. In this



Gibson.

BLACK-BACKED GULLS.

Penzance.



Gibson.

RAZORBILL AND CORMORANTS.

Penzance.



Gibson.

## A BATTLE IN MID-AIR.

Penzance.

connection a letter we have received from that very careful discoverer Sir Herbert Maxwell may be read with interest. He has not recently been in a position to observe the sea-birds, but his remarks on some land-birds will be read with uncommon interest.

"Owing to duty in Parliament my opportunities for observation on migratory birds have been intermittent, and therefore inconclusive. I have heard it observed in Leicestershire that there are fewer swallows and martins than usual, and in Shropshire that the spotted fly-catchers were late in arriving and few in number. I may add, for what they are worth, the following notes from personal observation on spring migrants:

Nightingale.—Very abundant near Weybridge.

Goldfinch.—Unusually numerous in South-West Scotland, whence it had been almost exterminated of late years.

Great Crested Grebe.—Annually increasing, and spreading to places where it has not been known before.

Tufted Duck and Pochard.—More of these birds remain to breed in South-West Scotland than formerly.

Lapwing.—No diminution, despite the extraordinary diligence in egg-collecting all over Scotland. It seems as if the species benefited by the first laying being taken, as the early eggs are often frosted, while the second laying is safely incubated. HERBERT MAXWELL."

The difficulty is to know how far the changes referred to here are local. It is extremely interesting to hear that nightingales are abundant near Weybridge, because in many districts frequented by them they have been scarcely heard at all this year. Still more curious are Sir Herbert Maxwell's remarks about the goldfinch. Only a few days ago a lament was raised in one of the newspapers about the extermination of this most beautiful wild bird. We ourselves scanned the facts set forth by the writer with a certain amount of scepticism, because our own observation coincided with that of Sir Herbert, and within the London radius we personally have seen many more goldfinches

during the last two or three years than ever before. Of course, in Scotland, if we were to judge by the number of poems addressed to the goldspink, or the references to it from the day of Blind Harry to that of Robert Fergusson, we should say it was as familiar as the kite used to be in London. What Sir Herbert Maxwell says of the tufted duck and pochard holds fairly true, we think, of all the different varieties of duck,

which have gained an immense advantage from the protection afforded by Parliament. His note on the lapwing, too, will be read with the attention it deserves, as coming from so experienced a naturalist. A wild and sentimental lament is often raised about taking lapwings' eggs; but as Sir Herbert says, there is no reason whatever to think that the number of the species is diminishing from this cause. On the contrary, it appears, as a species, to be more numerous than ever. No later than Saturday, in a field of tender green corn, we saw quite a dozen broods. The long-legged, cunning little chicks ran about and played and ate while they thought no one was looking at them, but a step in their direction sent them into the longest grass or corn, where they cowered and looked so like small grey stones that it was difficult to pick them out. Yet when we walked on to a distance of a few yards the little things popped up, and again began their capers just as before, while their fathers and mothers screamed overhead, just as they did ages ago, when, according to Miss Fiona Macleod's charming story, they disclosed the whereabouts of the Covenanters to their enemies.

To return to our sea-birds. Another factor that has helped to bring about their increase is the establishment of sanctuaries where they can breed without disturbance. It had long been the custom of fisher-folk and tourists to rob every sea-bird's nest they could find, partly to add to the collection of eggs, but still more frequently for the purpose of eating them. On the seacoast the eggs of these birds are considered particular delicacies, and for centuries it has been the habit to take them.

Now the taking of eggs is as much discouraged as it is in the case of the lapwings Sir Herbert Maxwell mentions. We might offer the black-headed gull as an example. In many places throughout Great Britain the privilege of taking these eggs stood very much on the same footing as the right of common, and in the meres, lakes, and marshes of England, and



B. H. Bentley.

## WITH OUTSTRETCHED PINIONS.

Copyright

in the bogs, mire, and ponds of Scotland, the eggs were collected quite regularly. Even the young birds were taken and made into swab-pie, which is said to have been as good as pigeon-pie or rook-pie. In no case that we know of did the birds forsake their nests on this account. Still, there was a limit, because the tradition was that one could take two sittings, but the third sitting had to be left to be hatched out. Birds with



nests on the cliffs enjoyed no such legendary protection. They were robbed as long as they laid their eggs, with the result that they had begun to diminish perceptibly in numbers. The establishment of protected breeding-places in the Farne Islands had, however, a very wholesome effect in checking this decrease. Year after year increasingly good reports came from these islands, and for the present year Mr. C. D. Pettit, keeper of the Inner Lighthouse, sends us the following information :

"1. The number of birds are greatly on the increase this year. 2. There are a great increase in the following birds : Puffin, Sandwich and Arctic tern, eider-duck, gull, lesser black-back, oyster-catcher. 3. The arrival and departure of the birds greatly depends on the season (state of the weather). The Sandwich tern was a little later in arriving, but they are much earlier in the nesting this year. They are laying, and have quite a lot of eggs. The eider-ducks are very thick and are in full nest. One nest had nine eggs in it yesterday, and several nests had one gull's egg in it. The gulls are making great havoc with the eggs; if the duck are disturbed and leave their nests, the eggs are destroyed at once by the gulls. The same with the oyster-catcher and Sandwich tern. A little later, as the birds get thicker, they will be able to defend their nests better."

Our naturalist readers cannot fail to be much interested in this letter. On sea as on land it will be noticed that the commoner birds are increasing most. The eider-duck has multiplied greatly since protection was afforded it, and although not in sufficient numbers yet to make the collection of down profitable, it is permissible to hope that it will become so in time. Fortunately the duck is an extremely good mother and sits very close on her eggs, so much so that you can approach her and lift her off them without causing her any great alarm, and the boys on the islands are in the habit of feeding and petting the nesting eiders. But the great danger comes from the gulls, which devour all the eggs they can get at. They have increased to an enormous extent, and it is worth consideration whether they cannot be



B. H. Bentley.

## FLYING GULL.

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kept down, as a danger to their neighbours. Something is effected in this way by taking their eggs; but the gull is a somewhat stupid bird, and goes on laying without seeming to care very much about the robbery. Indeed, to see them is to see how blind instinct really is. As long as the eggs are on the nest the mother regards them as though they were her own, but as soon

as they are lifted and put into a basket she does not recognise them from any other eggs there, and will, if the owner's back be turned on the basket, carry off and devour her own eggs.

The Bass Rock is another favourite breeding-place of sea-birds, but although it is only a short distance north of the Farne Islands its population is different. We have had a letter about it from Mr. John Laidlaw, keeper of the Bass Rock Lighthouse. He informs us that the gannet, guillemot, and kittiwake are increasing in numbers, while the puffin and razorbill are decreasing. It is rather curious that the gannet or solan goose should nest so freely on the Bass Rock and yet avoid the Farne Islands. It is a very roaming bird, and may be seen even now in the height of the breeding season cruising up and down the coast far away from its nest, dropping every now and then, like an arrow shot from a bow, into the water and picking up its prey. We are glad to see that the numbers are greater than they used to be, and the falling off among the puffins and razor-bills is probably due to the fact that more of them go to the Farnes. The puffin, especially, likes to be in a crowd, and very comical they look on the top of the rocks, sitting and nodding their heads. Their nests, as we need scarcely inform the reader, are made in burrows, some dug by themselves, others wrested from the rabbit. If alarmed they are not very well able to get on the wing, but flounder along the ground in an awkward manner, which makes them very easy to capture, only the visitor must be careful how he effects this, as the puffin has a very hard bill, which it can use with great effect. Mr. Laidlaw goes on to inform us that it



Gibson.

## STUDIES OF GULLS.

Penzance.

is three years since the station on the Bass Rock was opened, and during that time nesting, arriving, and departing have been very regular. This year nothing has been noticed worthy of special mention.

When we leave the North of England for the South, we do not find very much difference in the reports. Mr. Aflalo writes:

"1. At Bournemouth the number of gulls is unchanged. Of shags there never were any to speak of. A fair number of Northern divers were to be seen, this spring as in former years, close in to the beach at Southbourne every evening. 2. At Folkestone there is always a fair large gull population, owing, of course, to the presence of the fishing fleet. This year, if anything, there are rather fewer than in some seasons. 3. I have not heard anything at either of these places as to any change in the period of their usual movements."

From the lighthouse at Flamborough Head the keeper writes:

"In reply to your letter of the 31st ult., asking for answers to certain questions about sea-birds, I beg to say I think the number of sea-birds are less this season in this district; at any rate, I have not noticed so many. In answer to No. 2 question, I have not noticed any change in numbers increasing, but if anything less. No. 3. Have not noticed any change in the habits, or in the times of arrival, going away, or nesting. There may at times be a few weeks' difference, according to climatic conditions. I do not know whether the following may be of interest to you, but as regards other kinds of birds (land-birds), for the last two years they have been considerably less in number about the headland, and consequently less in number attracted by the light.—GEO. FREEMAN."

The lighthouse-keeper at Plymouth says that he has not seen any difference in the number of sea-birds in the vicinity of the Eddystone for the last four years. Most of the species as far as he could make out are unchanged in the numbers that breed; but one thing he considers worthy of notice is the increasing number of the common gull and kittiwake that have arrived about the same time as the bass, which come about the end of May each year and remain in the vicinity of the lighthouse until about the end of September. He thinks that the birds feed off the prey which the larger fish kill during their feeding-time.

From Penzance Mr. T. H. Cornish writes that cormorants, shags, and kittiwakes are on the increase, but he has not noticed much change in the habits of the others. Probably those engaged in the fishing industry will regret the information sent by so many of our correspondents that cormorants and shags have multiplied beyond what one would call a reasonable extent. They are almost proverbial for their greediness, and the quantity of fish destroyed by them must make an immense difference to their food supply. Yet we are loth to say anything that would seem to countenance the suggestion that they should be destroyed. At any rate, the only visible means of doing so is by taking away their eggs.

The lighthouse-keeper at the Lizard remarks that the number of birds appears to be very much the same except for the fact that there seems to be an increase in the shearwater and stormy petrel. He says "for the last year or two the shearwater has appeared at night around the lighthouse, and when once they alight appear to have a difficulty in rising

again." We have only one more letter to quote, but it is an extremely interesting one, from that distinguished naturalist Mr. R. B. Lodge. It will be seen that he does not refer so particularly to sea-fowl as to birds that come inland. Here is his letter:

"I have been in Spain for two months, and have had no opportunities for answering your questions about sea-birds this year. I have noticed, however, among shore-birds of late years an increased tendency to inland habits not only in the autumn and winter, but in the breeding season. The ringed plover has always, I believe, nested in a few inland localities, but this seems to have increased. A few years ago a pair nested in a sewage farm within the London postal district, and this year a pair of redshanks have nested in Enfield. They now, from their behaviour, have young ones in the grass of a large meadow only two miles outside the London radius. Sewage farms are, I think, a great attraction to this class of bird, which come regularly at certain seasons, and remain for months, and eventually a pair or two remain to breed. Here I have seen redshanks, dunlin, ringed plover, green sandpipers, curlew, and godwit in some numbers and regularly, and I have no doubt a more regular watching would show more species. From notices in the *Zoologist*, observers have noticed the same in other sewage farms about the country.—R. B. LODGE."



B. H. Bentley.

BREASTING THE BREEZE.

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## RÖSEEN-DHU.

LITTLE wild rose of my heart,  
Röseen-dhu, Röseen-dhu!

Why must we part,  
Röseen-dhu?

To meet but to part again!  
Is it because we are fain  
Of the wind and the rain,  
Because we are hungry of pain,  
Röseen-dhu?

Little wild rose of my heart,  
Röseen-dhu, Röseen-dhu,

Where I am, *thou* art,  
Röseen-dhu!

If summer come and go,  
If the wild wind blow,  
Come rain, come snow,  
If the tide ebb, if the tide flow,  
Röseen-dhu!

Little wild rose of my heart,  
Röseen-dhu, Röseen-dhu . . .

Time poiseth his shadowy dart,  
Röseen-dhu!

What matter, O Röseen mochree,  
Since each is a wave on the sea—  
Since Love is as lightning for thee  
And as thunder for me,  
Röseen-dhu!

FIONA MACLEOD.

## REPTILES AS PETS.

THE latter-day craze for strange pets, above all for reptiles, may seem a strange one at first sight. Yet, as the naturalist knows, the creatures of the reptile class make, in many instances, charming pets; they are instructive, easily tamed, and above all require very little attention. Snakes, lizards, tortoises, alligators, chameleons, etc., are all of them most interesting creatures, who soon learn to know their keeper or those who feed them and give them warmth.

Many kinds of harmless serpents are imported now, and boas and pythons, as well as many of the smaller kinds that are docile and beautiful, can be purchased fairly cheaply. The lizards, too, lovely little things with their brilliant armour of green, green with bright blue spots, and gold, are most attractive as they dart about in the sun or lie basking. One of the most generally favourite of reptiles is the chameleon, which is certainly one of the most curious animals to be found; its strange body, its peaked head, its prehensile tail—often coiled up like a watch-spring—its weird telescopic eyes that can look in different directions at the same time, and its human-like hands all combine to make it an object of unusual interest. Then, it is so easily tamed, while its pathetic little way of looking up at its keeper and its clinging habit quickly make it a favourite. A chameleon of ours used to spend its days mostly clinging to its mistress's dress, or fichu, and was never so happy as when carried about in that position, rolling its eyes around or dozing all the time.

But reptile pets need little care—a greenhouse or warm box, plenty of sun, pieces of branch bark to lie and bask upon or hide under, water, and their food. Their food, in the case of the lizards (lizards, chameleons, anoles, slow-worms, skinks, iguanas, etc.), consists of flies, beetles, worms, meal-worms, and, indeed, any insects or grubs. The snakes, however, require mice, rats, birds, or rabbits, according to the reptile's size; but one of the troubles in the matter of reptile feeding is that most of them will only take living food. The serpents generally first strike their prey, then by throwing their coils

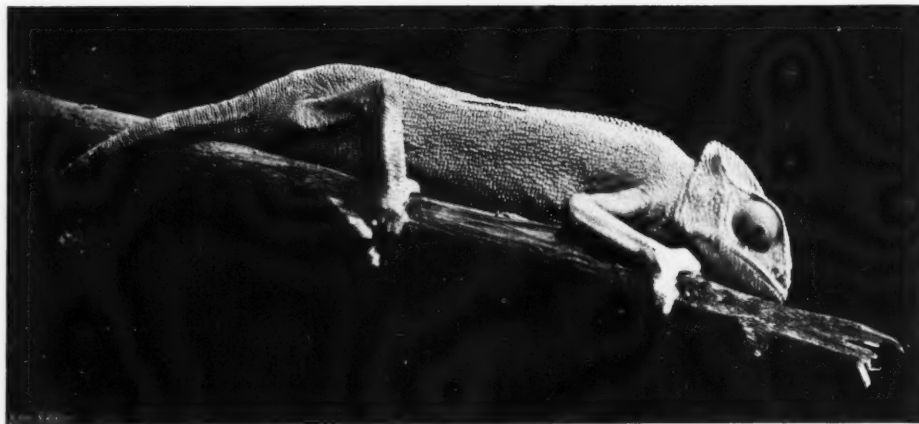


AT REST.

round it constrict it. It is very interesting to watch a snake feeding, and wonderful what a snake will swallow. To see quite a small one getting down a large rat is a sight; but we must remember that a snake's jaws are not hinged as ours are, and their necks are largely distensible. A snake can fast for a long time, too, like all reptiles.

Snakes are often cannibals, not so much from a desire to taste their own species, as the inability to let a choice morsel go when once they have got a firm hold. Once the swallowing process is fairly started by two on the same object, they seem

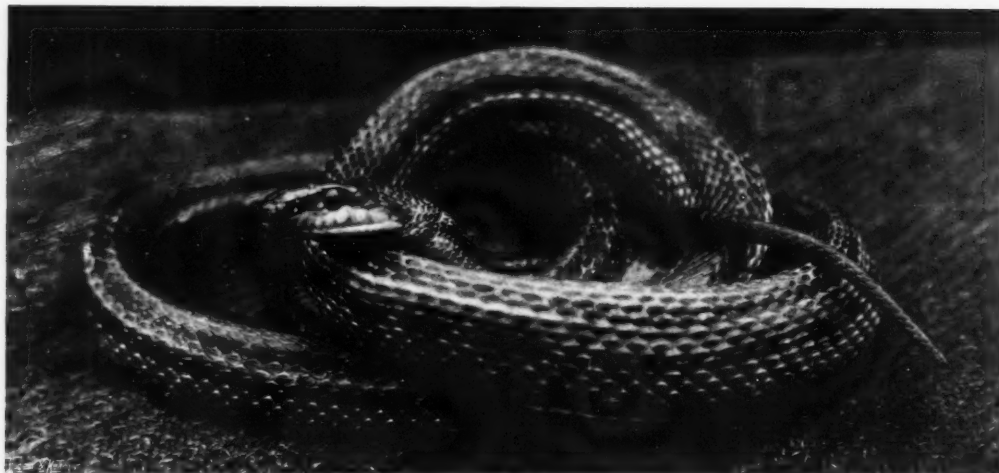
compelled to go on; thus one may in time manage to work its jaws over those of its companion when their heads meet. Advantage of this continuous sort of swallowing action is sometimes taken by keepers where a captive is not feeding well. A rat or rabbit is given, and the snake being once induced to strike and start swallowing, other dead rats or rabbits are tied to the end of



CHAMELEON.

the first disappearing one, and so the snake may be induced to take a really good meal. Snakes are very fond of water; most, if not all, of them are wonderful swimmers, and when kept in captivity should always be provided with plenty of water, either in a tin or large vessel, so that they can lie in their baths as well as drink. One of the most interesting of reptile pets is the gecko. Though very small usually, he is a most curious little creature—a lizard, in fact—and although as regards habits and colouring not to be compared to the other members of his great tribe, is really a comical little thing.

Geckos have certain strange ways, such as their nocturnal habit of waking up and becoming very lively and hungry as day goes, and their fancy for wandering about on the roof of their den, upside down; indeed, a gecko seems to be quite comfortable in any position, and will sit on the glass front of his den, upside down, the whole day, glaring at you with his glassy, unwinking eyes. Their little feet are very curious, and if one examine the under-surfaces it will be seen that they are very soft and corrugated, like the soles of a tennis shoe, thus enabling the creature to walk on glass, or any other slippery surface, like a fly. These lizards have two other accomplishments that are not shared by any of the other species of reptiles. The one



"IN LABYRINTH OF MANY A ROUND SELF ROLLED."

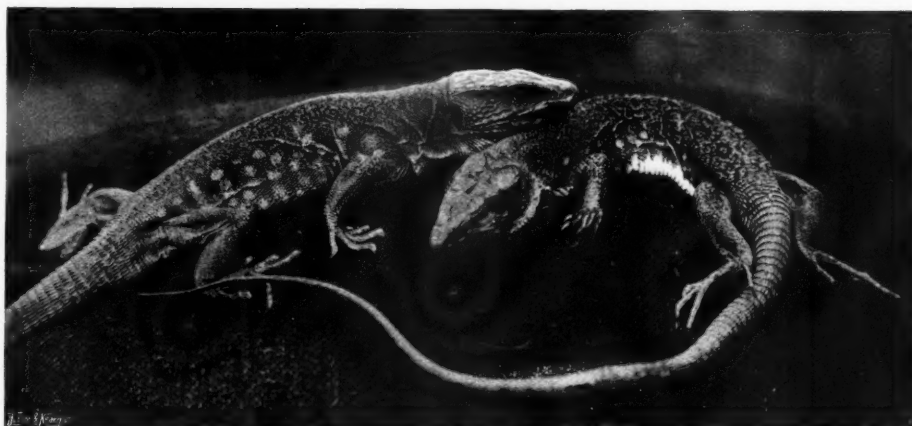


is their extraordinary habit of licking their eyes, and the other their power of uttering a cry.

All reptiles cast their skins at intervals, and a large snake cast is a curious object. When about to change his garment the snake is poorly for some days, hides, refuses to feed, and the eyes grow white and opaque; after a few days the eyes clear again, and

soon the snake begins to move about, rubs itself against the "furniture" of its den, and by degrees peels the old skin entirely back, inside out and complete, even to the tiny tail tip, and the two little watch-glass-like eye covers. A snake has no eyelids, and the eyes are always "open," therefore. Snakes soon become quite tame, as a rule, with gentle and regular handling; they may bite a little at first, but quickly get accustomed to the hand that tends them. The bite of a small one is of no consequence, but that of a large python should be avoided.

The greatest difficulty in keeping reptiles in this country is caused by the amount of cold weather we get; we must either keep them in a heated greenhouse or in dens which can



QUEER PETS.

be artificially warmed in the colder months. The exotic species of reptile, those especially that come from very hot countries, are often troublesome to keep in health through our winters, unless one can provide them with constant heat in their dens. Another difficult point is the feeding, for sometimes snakes will sulk and starve themselves to death; in this case

they must be crammed, and this is quite easily done by holding the jaws open while small pieces of meat or masses of chopped meat are forced down their throats. Snakes will sometimes, from no apparent cause, refuse food for so long a time that they become quite thin and wrinkled; if, when this is the case, they are not crammed, they will reach a stage after which they will never feed again of their own accord. Baby alligators make interesting pets, but in order that they may thrive they require a tank, the water of which can be raised in temperature as the weather grows chilly. Altogether, reptile pets are a great deal more instructive and interesting than the uninitiated would imagine, and they well repay the time and care lavished on them. F. G.

## "POLO PAST AND PRESENT."

A PAINSTAKING and comprehensive book on the game of polo has now been afforded us by Mr. T. F. Dale, which must prove valuable not only to polo players generally throughout the world, but also to the sporting public who follow its progress and attend its games both on suburban and county grounds. The antiquity of the game will be somewhat of a revelation to many readers,



POLO IN JAPAN.



PERSIAN PLAYERS.

for Mr. Dale tells us in a very interesting way of its popularity in Persia during the tenth and eleventh centuries, when the Persians in a great match, Iran v. Turan, found their match in the Turks, greatly to the disgust of King Afrasiab. The Byzantine poet, Nizami, sang of polo in the twelfth century. Then we

find it spreading from Persia into Central Asia, India, and Tibet in the sixteenth century, when the great Emperor Akbar patronised it. In Japan the game is at least a thousand years old, and is still popular under the name of Da-kin, or "ball match."

From this ancient history we are carried into the heyday of present-day polo at Hurlingham, from its foundation as a club by Mr. Frank Heathcoate in 1869, principally as



AT HURLINGHAM.

a pigeon-shooting ground, until 1873, when the first polo ground was laid out under the supervision of Captain (now Sir) Walter Smythe. We are told how in 1882 its membership had grown to 1,500, and how it gradually became what the Jockey Club is to the Turf, the ruling legislative authority on the game, both as to its rules and the registration and measurement of playing ponies. In due time (1878) sprang up Ranelagh as a club, under the auspices of the brothers Reginald and F. Herbert, backed up by an influential committee, and thus a compeer, such as Sandown in the racing world is to Newmarket, arose in polo circles. Only soon to be followed by Roehampton, taken in hand by Captain Miller, fresh from his Rugby triumphs, and this we may fairly dub the Kempton of polo. The growth and success of these clubs are excellently told, and this rise of polo is an object-lesson of vivid interest to all sporting readers.

The author from his personal experience of Army sports in India is able to supply a most valuable chapter on regimental polo, full of useful and practical suggestions, which, we venture to think, ought to be heartily endorsed by the War Office authorities and colonels of regiments, so conducive is the game, in our's and the author's opinion, to the effectiveness of our mounted soldiers throughout the world.

The two most delightful and practical chapters in the book are "Training the Pony" and "Elementary Polo," which should form a *vade mecum* to all young players whose object it is not only to play the game, but also to enter into it thoroughly by the education of their ponies and themselves in horsemanship. We long to make extracts from some of the excellent rules and injunctions here laid down, but will refrain. Some of the author's ideas may be open to criticism, yet they appear to us as sound. How truly is it said that "horsemanship is the key to polo," and that "balance" is essential! I will venture here to requote the author's quotation (he does not tell us from whence the quotation comes): "In order for a rider to be at his ease he should sit down well in the saddle without hanging on by his hands, or gripping with his knees, which should grip only as

occasion demands. The seat should be maintained by balance, not by grip. When we use the leg we should use it only from the knee to the heel." In "Tournament and Team Play," as well as on "Umpires and Referees," the volume is replete with plain, straightforward, and practical ideas and advice.

The chapter on "The Pony and Stable Management" will appeal to all lovers of ponies, and the illustrations which accompany it add lustre to it, showing, as it does, that the true

polo pony is the personification of beauty in the type of riding pony. This pony is an animal once imagined to be only produced by chance, now proved to be capable of production of distinct lines, and inheriting from its ancestors on the dam's side the mountain and moorland characteristics of hardihood and sense, and from its thorough-bred sire's side pace and symmetry. So full of interest has the production of the polo pony now become that, as the author most aptly points out, it is the true riding horse of the future, as well as the animal best fitted for our mounted troops where quick work in the field is required all over the world.

We dare not dwell on the author's ideas referred to in his chapter on "Polo Pony Breeding," much as it appeals to us personally;

but here is only touched upon the fringe of the thorny subject of breeding for exact size, shape, and character, which has to be the aim of the polo pony-breeder.

Perhaps rather scant encouragement is given to the breeder in being able to realise a profit proportionate to the ultimate value of the made animal, yet surely the quality of the material on which the player should work is a great factor towards perfection and value? Club committees and secretaries will devour eagerly, no doubt, what is told them of "Club Appliances and Expenses"; and "Recollections of Twenty Years" will carry many an Anglo-Indian back to the Elysium of some of the

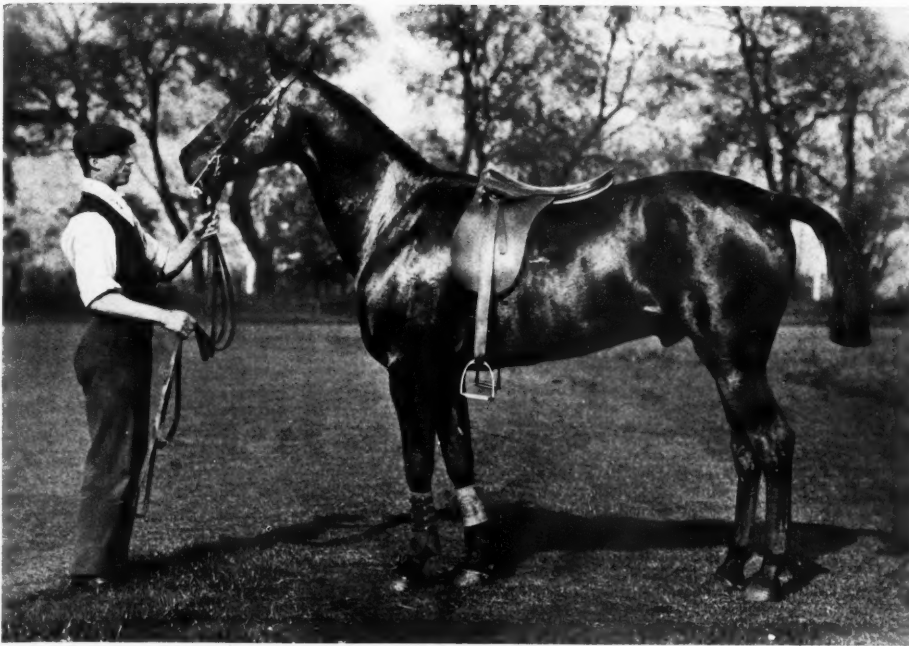


SANDIWAY, A SUCCESSFUL SIRE.

happiest and best days of his life, and is a charming review. "Suggestions on Handicapping" we leave to experts to cogitate upon. It was a happy thought which inspired the chapters on Australian and American polo, as they will imbue the volume with international interest and circulation, as will the author's remarks on English and Indian polo rules.

The appendix of Hurlingham rules will be indispensable or





MATCHBOX.

reference and information, as well as the table setting out the names of some sixty clubs in the United Kingdom now flourishing—their secretaries, grounds, position, number of players, and subscriptions. Mr. Dale has filled his book with a capital lot of illustrations of varied interest, and his mention of our leading players is in excellent taste; nor has he forgotten a most necessary index—all showing how fully his intention has been worked out, of giving to the world such a book on polo as it has never enjoyed before. We heartily congratulate him on his successful effort.

R. D. GREEN PRICE.

## UNPENSIONED.

A MOMENTARY glimpse which I caught in the neighbouring town of a figure that was once the object of some veneration in this parish, but is now almost forgotten here, has led my thoughts round to old-age pensions again, but on another side than that from which the subject is generally considered. In the ordinary course, we regard solely the old people themselves, who should receive pensions. Their piteous state moves us to a humane indignation, such as was very well expressed once by a certain ne'er-do-well Irish labourer, in reference to the same old person who has set me thinking to-day. "A pore old fellow!" said the Irishman, magnificently; "it's a burnin' shame that there should be no pension for him!" and I assented cordially, seeing some good at last in the unhappy Celt. Yet it is only now, four or five years afterwards, that the significance of this man's feeling has come home to me. Until now I have but felt, with him, that it concerned our self-respect not to allow these old folks to sink down into neglect and dishonour.

The other view of the subject, which the Irishman's sentiment ought to have opened to me, but did not, came at last of its own accord, at sight of old Dicky Brown creeping along a street instead of down the shady lane to his cottage. There was something wanting; something seemed different; and yet one could hardly say that there was appreciable change in the man himself. Possibly he looked feebler—it is twelve months since he left the village for his almshouse in the town; and certainly he looked shabbier than he used to do, shabbier and dirtier. But then, the old clothes which seem to harmonise with country scenery, have a way of looking disreputable in streets against plate-glass shop-fronts; and I should not like to affirm that old Dicky has really deteriorated in the last year. At any rate, it was not that which most struck me about him, nor his decrepitude, but it was the disregard with which the townspeople passed him by.

That was a thing that did not happen while he lived in the village. There, he was valued; there, though perhaps he met nobody, and had the lane to himself, he was not so solitary as in the town, where none knew his value. Observing that, I realised what was missing; the old man was hardly changed, but a sort of atmosphere which used to attend him in other men's minds was dispersed. It had not gone with him to the town, but it had disappeared from our parish. And for want of it the parish is certainly the poorer. There was

never much dignity in our thoughts here, never much reverence, never, perhaps, an excessive desire in us to live honourably. Here, no less than elsewhere, the working people have lain open to the prevailing accusations of intemperance, unfaithfulness to their employers, want of pride and constancy in their employment; and here, as elsewhere, these faults have seemed to be increasing rather than otherwise in the younger generation. But still the presence of that little old man had its effect. His known worth was a sort of asset that enriched the village, because where he went there was kindled in young and old some sense of honour, by the respect of those who knew his career.

At one time I used not infrequently to pass the old fellow as he was leaving his work, at a builder's yard in the town. Others, his fellow-workmen, though not without a kindly "Good-night, Dicky!" were wont to pass him too; for his pace was too slow for men eager to get home. A little insignificant figure, gone sideways with spinal curvature, so that his face was always bent upon the

road, he shambled doggedly up the hill, carrying a workman's basket over his shoulder, while his stick, held close in against his waist, slanted outwards to the ground and seemed to stump along beside him like a third leg. So he did his daily mile and a-half homewards without company; so, too, any Sunday morning he might be seen leaving church—black-coated then, it's true, though it is a mystery how he was able to afford a black coat, and, perhaps, walking a little slower for his wife's sake; but in other respects just the same unimportant and unassuming person as on weekdays. We were not acquainted. Others told me about him, spoke of his great age, boasted of his indomitable pluck; but he did not venture to speak to me—perhaps, with his face bent to the ground, he seldom saw me—until I took upon myself to wish him good-night as I went by. And for several years our intercourse got no farther than that.

The familiarity which was to impress upon me the true dignity of that little figure ultimately arose from a sudden sense of shame at having left him behind. I had seen him under the last of the street lamps—should scarce have seen him at all if it had been a little farther on, for the November night had fallen early with dense fog, and the roads were intensely dark out in the country; and so I hurried on, desirous of the fireside, and forgetful of poor old Brown. But at the top of the hill, where cross-roads and old gravel-pits by the wayside made the foggy night seem dangerous, I remembered him still toiling up far behind me; and though not Quixotic enough to go back and see him safely home—for had he not travelled that road every week-night for fifty years?—I resolved not to pass him by so thoughtlessly again.

The worst of the winter was over, however, and he had trudged homewards a good many more times, through snow, too, as well as through fog, before my opportunity came. It was near the end of January when once more I overtook him in the same place as before, and in the dusk, and, ranging up alongside him, wished him good-evening. Oddly cocking up his face, he recognised me; "Oh! 'tis Mr. Bourne!" and we breasted the hill together, agreeing that it was "beautiful weather, and helping the winter along so! If we gets another pinch it can't last long." "Why," he exclaimed, admiringly, "'tis light now!"—at half-past five; and in truth there was a glimmering on the road, of daylight reluctant to go.

His pace was after all better than I had fancied—it must have been near three miles an hour—and only once, perhaps because he had been unwontedly talking, or perhaps I had hurried him a little, only once was there a sign of his breath giving out. Yet, as he told me, he was in his eighty-third year. "Eighteen-nineteen, August the nineteenth," he said was his birthday; and on June 1st he would have been married fifty-eight years. "There en't many couples," he remarked, "lives together so long as that. And lives by hard work still," he boasted, rather than complained. "Every mornin' I be in the builder's yard at a quarter to six, makin' up the fires for the steam engine." Including his three miles of walking, therefore, his habitual day's work was twelve hours long; and I think he said he got nine shillings a week for it. Of course he was not really worth more than that.

Not long previously someone had told me that he was about to get into an almshouse; and it was disappointing now



to learn that the vacancy which should admit him was as yet only prospective. The trustees had given him a promise. "They sent for me to go and see 'em about it; and they told me I no call to tell 'em about myself or trouble about character. They knowed me." But for the moment there was no empty house; only "he'd heerd say there was a woman in one of 'em as was very ill. But you can't make people die."

The astonishment I professed at his age and vigour pleased him, and encouraged him to chatter on about himself. He had not always worked in the present employment. Only a matter of between forty and fifty years there! Before that he had served two years for another builder, and four or five more for a third. Then the fact slipped out, "I was at sea three years."

"What?" I exclaimed (I knew it already, but I wished to hear about his sailing from his own lips).

"At sea. I served three years in the Navy, on the Vanguard—a eighty-four-gun ship, she was. We was in the Mediterranean Sea, stationed at Malta." Old Dicky mentioned Malta as nonchalantly as though it were another builder's yard; and in the same matter-of-fact manner went on to tell of Alexandria, and Gibraltar Gut, and Sicily. "They burnin' mountains, too—Mount Vesuvius and Mount Etna—one lays one way, in Italy, and t'other's in Sicily. . . . One night I remember—a nice quiet warm night—our old skipper had a cry of fire raised, and we put on all sail—'cause there wa'n't no steam then—towards Mount Vesuvius. He knowed what 'twas." So the night was spent, watching "these burnin' mountains," "and a very nice sight it is, of a dark night," old Dicky thought.

His captain was Sir David Dunn; "and a very nice gentleman, too. He was knighted when he come back home after that trip. . . . About sixty years ago. Eighteen-forty-one—that was when we went out."

The ship being paid off on its return, Brown came back to this, his native place, and waited, hoping to go to sea again. "Three or four times," he said, "I walked down to Portsmouth. They sent a letter to me, you know; but every time when I got there the company was made up. That's a smart walk to Portsmouth." In fact, it is thirty miles or more. So, after a few disappointments, the idea of seafaring was abandoned, and the labouring in builders' yards began, to last over half a century.

Those fifty years of unromantic but honourable labour, which had filled the village with admiration—they seemed to slip away from the old man's mind as he trudged along through the mud. I heard of Malta and the goats that live there "on bits of orange-peel or anything else they can pick up." He had seen a man driving a little flock of perhaps half-a-dozen from door to door. At a doorway a goat would mount the steps, and there perhaps a half-pennyworth of milk would be taken from her. Then on to the next doorway, and so the process would be repeated until the milk was gone, when the goat would return to her orange-peel. Such were the odd things I heard; yet none seemed stranger than the circumstance of my hearing them. Along the muddy road, on that soft English winter evening, to think of the pictures in my companion's memory; the blue Mediterranean and the burning sunshine! And to think of that fellow with his goats and his half-pence, all gone sixty years ago, and yet remembered again here at night in England!

The talk drifted to purely local gossip; and by and by, hearing of old Mrs. Brown's decrepitude—she was over eighty, and hardly able to follow her charring work at the church schools—I said, regretfully, "I should like to hear of your getting an almshouse, so that you could rest."

"There won't be much time for rest if it don't come soon," was the chirruping answer. The old man seemed amazingly philosophical; and when we parted he was amazingly courteous, too. His "How be ye all at home, sir?" was a piece of good manners which one need not wish to see bettered, for he knew nothing of my household, and spoke out of pure civility.

This, then, was the man whom our parish once honoured itself by respecting. Of the way in which younger men were affected by him I was a witness some months later. A young carpenter was with me, and we saw the old man come hobbling homewards and turn aside to the schoolroom to see if his wife was there. The carpenter smiled pleasantly. "Wonderful old chap!" he exclaimed, "and got as much to say as the young 'uns. And as witty! If he can take a rise out of a young 'un, that's just his drop."

The old man came up the steps again, and the carpenter called out to him, genially, "Come on, Dicky! Get off home!" "That's where I'm goin', en't I? I bin to school, but they've locked me out."

"Ah—you knows enough a'ready."

"But 'ten't no good what I knows," came the swift retort.

The young men admired; the school children had good feelings towards old Dicky. Some of them, who had the same surname, called him their "thirty-second cousin." And so he lived among us until, growing feebler in the next winter, he was able to do only a day or two's work in each week. It brought in "about enough to pay the rent—jest about enough for that," he said, and finally, on Christmas Eve, he "jacked

up." "After all the years I bin there, they ought to allow me something. But no! When they've got all they can out of ye, ye may goo!" That was his comment on the reward of constancy in labour, and it is worth remembering, when people complain of the inconstancy of the younger generations. The old man has his almshouse now, away in the town, but he and his wife are lonely there, and though for pastime he is allowed to potter about in the builder's yard again, he is but too good an example of the inconveniences which attend the employment of old men. The true value of him is wasted; and while he is less happy than he might have been in his old cottage with a pension, the village too has lost in him a genuine stimulus to its better feelings.

GEORGE BOURNE.

## BEARDED TITS AT HOME.

ALTHOUGH once a comparatively common species, the bearded tit is now, owing to the extensive drainage of the fens and marshes, an exceedingly rare bird in England. The only place where this curious, but handsome, little bird is now to be seen is probably the Broad district of Norfolk, and it was on the "Broads" that, through the kindness of a friend, I was able to see and



E. L. Turner. FEMALE BEARDED TIT.

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photograph the bearded tits at home. Probably most of my readers are aware that this species is not really a tit at all, but has been made the representative of a separate family or genus, which has been called panurus; therefore, perhaps, I had better speak of it, for the time being, as the bearded reedling. I have for many years had a great desire to see bearded reedlings in their wild state, but I little thought when I started for the Broads this spring that I should make such a close acquaintance with these delightful little birds as I did before the week was out.

There is, I think, no need for me to name the particular Broad on which I took the photographs that illustrate this article; suffice it to say that on a glorious day in April last our boatman "quanted" us into a reed-bed, where he thought we might, perhaps, find one of the nests we desired. After a short search, we were delighted to find a nest containing two eggs within a couple of yards of where the nose of our punt had touched the reeds. This nest, which was built of the long leaves of the reeds and lined with their flowering tops, was placed in a most unusual position—i.e., about 3ft. from the ground, or, rather, the water, and in the fork of a small sallow withy. After a short examination of this nest, we came to the conclusion that the young had already left it, and that the two eggs were added; therefore I remained to photograph it while one of my friends landed further down the reed-bed to try and discover the whereabouts of the

young birds. Before ten minutes had elapsed, he called out to me that he had seen the adult bearded reedlings, and also two young birds hardly able to fly. I ran at once to where he was standing, and between us we caught the two youngsters. The next thing to do was to place our captives in such a position that we could photograph the parent birds when they came to feed them. We decided to place them, after due consideration, on the dried stem of a tall dock, which we stuck up in a clear space on the reed-bed. Then the question arose how we were to persuade our little prisoners to remain in this position, for if once they got away into the reeds we should have some trouble in recapturing them. This difficulty was, however, soon



M. J. Nicoll.

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## FEEDING THEM IN TURN.

got over; I had some soft string in my pocket, and with this we tethered the little birds to the dock in such a way that they could not hurt themselves. They quickly made themselves at home, and sat quite still on their respective perches. All this time we could see the old birds flitting from reed to reed close to us with their bills full of food; so we quickly withdrew a few paces and awaited developments. Our patience was not long tried, for, uttering his clear call-note, which is a ringing "ping-ping," the cock bird soon flew on to the dock stem and fed his chicks in turn.

I had my "umbrella hide" with me, which, being painted with a solution of permanganate of potash, had by exposure to the sun turned an earthy brown colour, and into this I crept with my camera, and in the course of a few minutes exposed all the plates in my dark slides. I then returned to our boat to change the plates in a changing-bag, whilst my companion entered the "hide" with his camera. I may here say that this "umbrella hide," which was supposed to resemble a heap of dead grass and rubbish when completed, was on this occasion perfectly bare, and we did not find it necessary to cover it with reeds or other vegetation when photographing these birds.

About an hour later I again entered the "hide," which, with the camera, I had moved to within 3ft. of the birds, they being, at this time, tethered on the ground at the foot of the dock. My

object in doing this was to get photographs of the adult birds on the ground. I had seen their amusing action and quaint positions when hopping about the reeds; now and then one of the birds would take hold of a separate reed with each foot and slide downwards, tail first, so I fancied their actions on the ground might also be curious, and I was not disappointed, for I have never seen a more comical sight than the cock bird waddling, not hopping, along the ground, very much after the style of a parrot walking quickly along a flat surface.

It will, perhaps, be noticed that I make more mention of the male bearded reedling than of the female, but I found that he did much more of the work in bringing food for the young than did his mate. Only once during the time I spent with these birds did the female come with food for her chicks, and then, as will be seen from my picture of her, she turned her head away from the camera, so that her plain, buffish-coloured throat and cheeks, unadorned with the beards which characterise her lord, are not to be seen.

Now as regards the food on which the young are brought up. This consists entirely of insects, and the old birds appeared to fly right across a corner of the Broad to obtain it. It was most amusing to watch the male bird come waddling along, with an enormous beakful of flies, and then try to divide it equally between his ever-hungry



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## AWAITING A MEAL.



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## SLIDING DOWN A REED.



chicks. First of all he would pop the whole mass into the mouth of one youngster, then he would withdraw it, and allow the other to have a suck. This performance was repeated until his bill was quite empty, when he would depart in search of a fresh supply. Whilst he was away food-hunting, I noticed that the young birds seemed to sleep, but as soon as their parents signalled their return by uttering their clear "ping-ping," the chicks were all activity, and made much the same call as did the adults. Every time the parent-birds returned with food, the male first flew into a reed-bed on the right, and then alighting on the cleared space on which I had placed the young, walked some 4yds. or 5yds. to the foot of the dock stem, often passing so close to the "hide" that I could have touched him with my finger. After I had exposed all my plates I released the young birds, and, sitting on a heap of dried reeds, continued to watch them for close on an hour. I can confidently say it was one of the pleasantest hours I have ever spent amongst the birds—snipe drumming overhead, a water-rail croaking on one side of me, and the family of bearded reedlings on the other.

And now a few words in conclusion. Owing to the rarity of the bearded tits in this country, their eggs, and the skins of the birds themselves, are frequently in demand. One cannot blame the dealers, but I feel sure, however, that if the would-be purchaser were to visit the bearded tits in their native reed-beds, and study their interesting habits, he would never again be tempted to help in the extermination of this, one of our rarest and handsomest breeding species. MICHAEL J. NICOLL.

## WILD LIFE & RAILWAYS.

FEW bits of country would at first sight seem more unlikely to be the chosen haunt of wild birds and animals than the fringes of a great line of railway. Creatures whose deepest and most constant instinct is one of timidity and caution might be expected to shun utterly the long, thirsty track, with all its restless machinery of jarring points and signals, its enormous eyes flashing red and green by night, and the continual roar and reek of the passing trains. And yet, so far from the wild creatures of a countryside flying appalled from the immediate neighbourhood of the railway, in many places it is chosen for a home and nesting-place by a larger proportion of the whole wild population of the country through which it passes than almost any other spot for miles around.

Nearly all birds and animals are quick to learn that, for all its rush and roar, they have much less reason to be afraid of a passing train than of a single human being on foot, who is always a figure full of dangerous possibilities. On the grassy, overgrown slopes of the embankments they find the freedom from disturbance, which is so important to them when they have eggs and young, to a far greater degree than in the hedges of the lares and fields, which are constantly ransacked by bird's-nesting farmers' boys, and in other respects the situation is exactly

suited for them. For larks, pipits, and whinchats, and such other birds as build upon the ground, the dry well-drained bank affords an endless choice of congenial nesting-sites among the grass-tussocks, and in the bottom of the low, tangled brushwood that dots the slopes. The mixed higher growth of thorn bushes and furze and rose briar affords safe cover for a score of species of finches and thrushes and summer warblers, while every few yards of the rank fringes of the hedge will

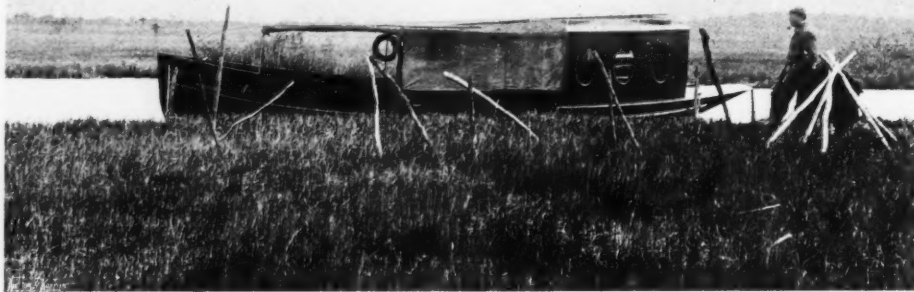
harbour a pair of restless white-throats from the middle of April onwards. Helped by the drainage of the embankment itself, there is often a rivulet of water running beneath the hedge, and this stream will harbour, in its mid and the lush water-plants which crowd above it, a rich supply of insects for the food of the nestling young. All birds prefer for this reason to pass the nesting-time in

the neighbourhood of some stream or pool, and it is the presence of such a thread of moisture below the slope of the embankment which most of all draws them in early summer to the fringes of the line. The telegraph-wires, too, are appreciated keenly, and used for many different purposes. All day long birds of many kinds may be seen dotted along them, either catching insects from this coign of vantage, as a flycatcher will hawk for gnats from the post of the tennis-net on a garden lawn, or pausing a moment to see if the coast is clear before dropping down to the nest concealed below in the grass or bushes, or simply sitting in the sun, attending to the toilet a little, singing a casual stave or two out of neighbourliness and contentment of heart, and surveying in general a sunshiny and agreeable world. As the train passes rapidly by on a summer day, their notes, as they sit there in the sun, will often float in through the open window of the carriage, distinctly heard above the rattle and roar, and though it be but in a passing glimpse, a nearer and clearer view of them may thus be gained than they are usually willing to allow to the quiet rambler in their leafy haunts. In the wilder upland regions the whinchat and titlark are among the most familiar of these birds of the wire; in cultivated arable districts the traveller soon learns to expect the dull, solid-looking corn-bunting, with his queer, stammering call, and

in many parts of Southern England in May and June, every few miles is seen the bold and conspicuous figure of the shrike or butcher-bird, standing sentinel above the thorn bush, where his mate is sitting on her buff eggs with their rich zone of violet freckles. Not even the Italian organ-grinder's baby in its cradle on the handles of his instrument can be more thoroughly injured to noise from birth than the young of these birds of the railway,

hatched in the leafy cover that vibrates to the rush of the iron horse.

But of all the sanctuaries which the work of the railway engineer has unconsciously prepared for the birds at nesting-time, by far the richest in wild life are the abandoned ballast-pits which here and there fringe the lowland lines. Excavated at the time that the line was originally made, to supply material for the permanent way, and enclosed within the



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ON THE BROADS.

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BEARDED TITS: MOTHER FEEDING YOUNG.

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company's fences, they have remained ever since as still, secluded pools, half-filled with green sedges and osiers and brightly-flowering water-plants, and surrounded by deep thickets of hazels and blackthorn and rambling honeysuckle and bryony. Such a place is a natural paradise for the birds, and it is alive in summer with their voices. It is like a bit of the ancient fenland, hidden deep within a leafy coppice, and it is probably as seldom trodden by the foot of man as any spot in the British Islands, though within a dozen yards of it hundreds of human beings are whirled past hour by hour. The pools are of great depth, but large parts of them are covered with a thick peaty growth, knotted together by the roots of the reeds and bulrushes, so that it is possible for a man to push his way for a considerable distance among the haunts of the water-birds, wading upon a slowly-yielding carpet of trembling sedges. Nothing breaks the silence, between the roar and rattle of the passing trains, but the reeling songs of the sedge-warblers and reed-warblers, or the dry swish of the wings of a dragon-fly hawking above the pools of open water. In the midst of these pools, fringed with yellow iris and giant water-docks, where now and then the coils of the engines' smoke trail clinging, a dusky brood of little coots is paddling to and fro in the sunshine, led by their big black mother with the white phylactery bound upon her forehead.

As the explorer pushes forward knee-deep in the black water, thick with rotten vegetation, he sees in the outer fringe of the reeds the big flat nest of dry sedges, from which a week or two ago the eight or nine little ones tumbled to the water almost as soon as they cracked the shell. All around the reed-warblers' silvery voices are ringing in the reeds, the strong, lissom reeds, like the thinnest of bamboo, which alone they find suitable for the support of their swinging nests. At the level of a couple of feet above the water, in the soft green light that falls tempered through the thick canopy of the ribbon-like blades of the reeds, the vista of crowded, slender canes is broken by the delicate, olive green shape of the little birds as they cling for a moment upright to a stem, and are gone again; and here and there, too, there stands out among the straight stems of this fairy-like forest a ball of silver-grey down, gently swinging as the reeds stir in the wind, which is their deep, suspended nest, built of the reeds' grey plumes. They are strange and beautiful surroundings in which the little reed-warblers first open their eyes to the world, a nursery well



E. L. Turner. *IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS.*

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E. L. Turner *BEARDED TITS: THE NEST* Copyright

worth the old birds' great spring journey from the heart of Africa.

Besides the thick beds of this particular species of grey-plumed reed, there are clumps of bulrushes and broad expanses of mixed, sedgy water-growth. Here the moorhens build, and the impish little dabchick moors its green, floating pudding of a nest to the anchorage of the reed-tufts or the dipping twigs of some overhanging bough. On the firmer ground at one end of the pool, among the osiers, and heavy-scented meadow-sweet, and tall pink valerian, the sedge-warblers and reed-buntings build. In the higher growth of hazels and blackthorn that runs up to the fence of tarry railway-sleepers there are new forms and voices again. Here sits the turtle-dove on her narrow platform of a nest, which seems hardly strong enough to bear the two white eggs that gleam through the shadows of the hollow thicket, and here, in the midst of the thorns, is hung the wonderful lichen-covered edifice of the long-tailed tit, and the frail, bubble-like cup of the delicate lesser whitethroat. As we gently push our way through the thicket,

"And through the hazels thick espy  
The hatching thrush's shining eye,"

hearing the heavy goods trains roar and jangle past a few yards behind, it seems as though the furious din must infallibly scare the patient mother-bird from the nest; but her head does not even turn in the direction of the disturbance. She was born herself, it is likely, in this same thicket by the embankment of the line, and its thunder has no terror for her. In hard winters, when many other places which are thronged with birds at nesting-time are frozen and deserted, these pools by the line supply food and shelter to guests from afar. The heron stands in the shallows through all the winter's afternoon, darting from time to time his long bill into the chilling water, and drawing it out with something live and silvery gripped in its strong hold; from the top of a stake stuck in the pool, or from the projecting stump of a leafless willow, there darts down a beam of sapphire light, and the beautiful kingfisher, too, has found his prey. Snipe probe with their long bills in the congealed mud; mallard rest among the dry and rustling reeds, or stand one-legged, their heads tucked back at rest, upon the icy coastline of the half-frozen pool; and now and then, floating near them on the water (for they will rarely rest upon the ice, as the mallard love to do), there may be seen the grey body and dark head of the pochard

drake, and the hen bird with her soberer markings. Some of these winter visitors, fresh from Norwegian forests or Arctic shores, show more fear of the trains than the summer residents do, and take some little time before they grow bold enough to go on feeding uninterruptedly during the passing, say, of seven-and-forty clanging coal-trucks. But the wildest of them will lay

their fears aside if the frost holds on, and they cling for a week or two to the hospitality of the old ballast-pit. Like the wild creatures who make it their home at "the time of the singing of birds," when "the voice of the turtle" croons so softly among these very thickets, these wanderers of the lonely North are not slow to understand how truly the railway is their friend. A. C.

## THE STUDY OF WILD FLOWERS.

**P**ERHAPS the word "study" in our title ought to have a word of explanation attached to it, as the reader will be very apt to imagine that he is being asked to read a discourse upon botany. Nothing could be further from our intention than to do this. The study of

botany itself is best conducted in the open, while specimens are being collected. But it scarcely needs to be said that wild flowers can be studied in a manner to teach us something about gardening. They come up under the care of Nature herself, and Nature has a habit of producing certain marked effects, one of them being that of masses of colour. There are few who can have failed to observe the beautiful shades in the fields, which are the envy of many a skilled gardener. On moor and down the scarlet poppies are strewn so as to make almost a lake of brilliant colour, softened by the shade of green in which it is set. So that famous pest, the wild mustard, hurtful as it is to the cereal crops, possesses a beauty which has to be acknowledged by those who suffer from its mischief. On badly-farmed ground, where it is allowed to have its way, it tints whole acres with its pale and delicate yellow. Many other instances could be given. Even the blue speedwell, where it has been undisturbed, swells out into great masses. In the hedgerow the wild rose spreads and prospers till it produces the dominant colour. The process by which Nature accomplishes this is, like all her processes, a very simple one. It is the same with the tiny weed as it is with the forest tree. In natural woodlands it may be observed that one species is easily predominant over the entire district. Thus we have many famous oak forests; in Scotland and in parts of the South of England pine forests; we have beech forests, and there are places where the birch seems to oust all its neighbours, so much so that it has given names

to many places, such as the famous Birks of Invermay. In ancient literature we see that the early writers and poets seized hold of this peculiarity of Nature, and some of the phrases they have given us are as pictorial as they are immemorial. The Cedars of Lebanon, the Mount of Olives: the mind would be dull indeed to whom these words did not suggest some kind of vision, and the explanation is easily given.

Wild flowers are sown by many different agencies. Sometimes their seeds are wind-borne, and, indeed, are supplied with sail-like contrivances that cause them to be easily carried. Others are conveyed by birds. Legend, indeed, has it that the mistletoe was brought to England from Normandy in this

way, and the bird that carried it was the mistletoe or missel thrush. At any rate, they are said to have appeared in Great Britain at the same moment, and it is quite possible that the white berry might have been sown on our apple trees in this manner. Where there are old pollards it is very easy to see innumerable examples of plants that have been sown in their

crowns; for the hollow crown of a pollard becomes almost like a flower-pot. The wood, rotted by rain, crumbles back into Mother Earth from which it grew, and, as moisture collects there, plants of various kinds find a good habitation. In some cases trees even grow out of the half-dead trunk.

However, this is more or less a digression. By one aid or another plants get sown, and then follows that struggle for existence which seems inseparable from both vegetable and animal life. At the end the stronger plant asserts its supremacy. In the case of trees the one most suitable to the soil and situation in time begins to overtop the rest, and to dwarf them by its shade. Naturally too it, being in the most favourable conditions, propagates itself, both by seed and root, and thus the grove practically makes itself, as the more suitable species of tree ousts its neighbours. So with wild flowers, if a particular piece of land is most suitable for, say, poppies or ox-daisies, the ox-daisy or the poppy will gradually assume a certain superiority over the other wild flowers, and will give its colour to the landscape. Yet Nature follows no rules very exactly, and if she gives us great masses of colour, she also yields extraordinary mixtures in these. Take a common English thicket, such as that which establishes itself in a coppice or hedgerow or plantation, and it will be found to be a confusion of various plants. Probably there are dwarf beeches or other trees in the centre, while the bramble and the wild rose seem to vie with one another as to which

shall extend its long trailing vines furthest. Bracken and fern add their greenery, and it may be a hawthorn also shows its blossoms in spring before the others have arrived.

Again, if one were to take the bank of an English river, it is sometimes a wild confusion of gay colours, sometimes an arrangement of tints that are almost uniform. For example, the Thames in its higher reaches, where it is fringed with long rushes, looks almost as if it had been arranged by some most expert landscape painter. But there are other parts of it in which all the favourite water-flowers seem to be growing at once—the beautiful water-lily, than which there is nothing more exquisite in either garden or conservatory, those various yellow flowers of the *Ranunculus*



C. H. Hewitt.

FIELD DAISIES.

Copyright





Copyright

BY THE BROOK.

M. C. Cottam.



F. M. Sutcliffe.

BRAMBLE.

Copyright

type, and the flags, which are so delightfully ornamental. Indeed, it would not be untrue to say, at least of some rivers, that the sedges are beautiful in every season of the year; in spring they show their green stalks, and the flowers that have been well named after the rainbow, and later on they thicken so as to be a green border to the quiet stream. Even after they have been dried and withered by the winds and frosts of late autumn and early winter, till they whistle and murmur to the breeze, they continue in their brown uniformity to make the most appropriate border to the lapping water.

It is only lately that these principles have been appreciated by the English gardener, or, for the matter of that, by the English artist. Both of them have delighted more to produce what was

startling and curious rather than the fine and tranquil harmonies of colour so favoured on the field or by the wayside. In the fresh and unpolluted rivers that are furthest away from the great towns and unvisited save by the meditative angler, one may see many beauties that the water gardener may strive for in vain. The typical English stream in the flat parts of the country moves slowly and smoothly to the sea through level ground, which is laid out to a great extent in those deep meadows that lend character to our ordinary landscape, and in which the kine stand knee-deep in clover. The grass fields are picturesque in themselves, glowing at the appropriate season of the year with white daisies and yellow buttercups, odorous, too, with the fragrance of white clover. The banks of the stream have been set with willows that in olden time used to be regularly cut for basket-work. Our people no longer make baskets to any great extent, but buy the cheap and elegant substitutes for them which are sent from abroad, and in consequence the willows have been allowed to grow wild. They

are amongst the most graceful of our trees, particularly in their leaves, and as regards the effect produced by the wind which, playing over them, shows so many different shades and degrees of colour, from deep green to an almost creamy white. On the banks of the stream in early summer millions of weeds show their florets, and these vary as the water goes meandering on its way past different varieties of soil—now leaving the meadows to glide slowly by arable land set with roots or grain; now entering into the depths of some wood, where the overhanging trees give the shade favourable to the growth of brightly-tinted lichens and mosses; and now flowing away past hamlet and farm-steading, and so by all the familiar aspects of the country to the sea. Both on the bank and in the stream itself it will be found that many



M. C. Cottam.

THE HEDGEROW COW-PARSLEY.

Copyright





F. M. Sutcliffe.

## NATURE'S PROFUSION.

Copyright

beautiful things come to life as it were of their own accord, and make the lonely water-side attractive almost beyond the power of expression. This is one type of river, but if we go to the mountainous districts of Wales, England, or Scotland we see quite a different one. There the water hurries and sparkles down from the heights, and the channel is, as a rule, bare and stony, since the terrific floods of autumn and winter annually sweep away the vegetation which has accumulated during the months of spring and summer. But in such a neighbourhood the vivid lesson is given of Nature's habit of producing colours in large, uniform masses. Here it will be only a hill, green with close-cropped herbage, or, what is equally likely, with wild bracken, until the foxgloves at places break the uniform sea of colour. There it will be the wild heath plant that is spread over the mountain-side, making it black in winter, and bright green and showing its dark purple as the summer months advance; for it is an old bee-keeper's saying that the heather is ripe on the hills when the oats grow white on the plain. Perhaps the most melancholy reflection about weeds is that they are most beautiful when man is most unfortunate. The writer remembers many years ago, when agricultural depression was at its worst in the Eastern Counties, much land was left derelict in Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk. It happened that he went on a walking tour through the most distressed part of the country in the month of June, when the may had faded from the hedgerows and the wild roses were out. At that time many fields had altogether ceased to repay the cost of cultivation, and were left to produce weeds and such wild grass as came of its own accord. Many of them were not even worth grazing, and were allowed to go out of cultivation altogether, because in that case tithes were not charged; but if they were let, for even a very short period, to a grazier, the tithes had to be

paid. At the time, too, the rural exodus was at its greatest height, and many cottages were forsaken. The little gardens attached to them offered material for the most interesting studies in colour. Many of the previous tenants had kept the commoner kind of poppies in their borders, and these, seeding, had spread over the gardens, producing in late June an extraordinary wealth of bright colours. There was always noticeable a tendency for one kind of poppy to outshine the rest, and, no doubt, if the gardens continued to be neglected for a long series of years a single flower would be allowed to take possession. We see the same thing occur in regard to birds. With the single exception of the ruff and reeve, our wild birds always come true to colour, with those exceptions, of course, that are very well known.



F. M. Sutcliffe.

## WILD ROSES.

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But suppose a flock of pigeons be recruited from a great many different dovecotes, and settled together, it is very curious to notice that after a comparatively short period of time they begin to revert to the colour of the blue rock, or wild pigeon. So it is with everything else, and just as the gardens had yielded to one kind of poppy so each field seemed to have a plant that it favoured more than the others, and one was red, and one was blue, and one was yellow, making a picture that would have been absolutely beautiful, but for the reflection that its beauty was the result of the failure of the men who at one time had been the cultivators of the soil.

## THE MAGPIE.

**F**EW British birds are handsomer than the pert, mischievous magpie, with his plumage of snowy white and glossy black, shading into green, blue, and purple, his incessant chattering, and his thieving propensities. None of the family of the corvidæ are remarkable for their honesty, but "Mag" excels them all in the ingenuity with which he contrives to steal anything that appeals to his fancy, and the artful way in which he escapes the snares of the bird-catcher and the gun of the sportsman, even though he does sometimes fall into the hands of the game-keeper, and finishes his career nailed to "the keeper's tree."

While many animals and birds are falsely accused of sucking the eggs of game birds and destroying the young, I fear the magpie richly deserves his reputation as a poacher, and is very partial to young pheasants, partridges, and chickens, as well as to the eggs of wild and tame birds. As a matter of fact, scarcely any kind of food comes amiss to this inquisitive, restless creature—young rabbits, insects, fruit and seeds form part of its fare, and it robs the nests of almost every other bird, dragging out the unfledged young and driving its sharp beak through the eggs, which it carries off to its well-built domed nest. It most frequently builds at the juncture of three or four branches far up some high tree, such as a pine or tall Scotch fir, the trunk of which is devoid of boughs except near the summit, where the thick, needle-like foliage affords shelter to the large round nest of twigs. There is an entrance at the side, and the bottom of the nest is filled with mud or clay, on which is laid a bed of roots and fibres, and it is lined with wool or hair, which the magpie picks from the sheep's back when he is unable to find it stuck in the hedges.

There are various explanations of the bird's name; some say it is a corruption of the French *magot*, a secret hoard, from the creature's love of hiding things, the old name seems to have been *magotpie*, and others contend, with more probability, that Mag is merely a contraction of Margaret, the name being given to the bird, just as we have Robin Redbreast, Jenny Wren, and Philip Sparrow.

The legend that these chattering birds were once talkative women is mentioned by Ovid in his "Metamorphoses," when he describes how certain gossiping ladies were changed into pies:

"And still their tongues went on, though changed to birds,  
In endless clack and vast desire of words."

In almost every European country omens are drawn according to the number of these birds one meets, and there is a universal superstition that it is most unlucky to meet a single

magpie. Several rhymes relate to this, and perhaps the following is the best known:

"One for sorrow, two for mirth,  
Three for a wedding, four for a birth,  
Five for silver, six for gold,  
Seven for a tale that will never be told."

Another version is:

"One bodes sorrow, two's a death,  
Three's a wedding, four's a birth."

In the South of Ireland the magpie rhyme runs thus:

"One for sorrow, two for joy,  
Three for a wedding, and four for a boy."

With regard to the last, I suppose the birth of a girl would be scarcely considered an event of sufficient importance to be heralded by magpies. The Irish peasant is almost Oriental in his desire for sons, and has, as he would say himself, "Not a ha'porth of value on girls!"

Strange to say, although the handsome birds are extremely common in the Green Isle, they are not indigenous; but were brought over from England in the beginning of the eighteenth century, hence the bird has no Irish name, but is called "Francagh" (Frenchman, or foreigner). The magpie superstitions travelled over with the birds, and fresh ones have arisen in their adopted country, for it is said to be very lucky indeed if two magpies come chattering up to the door of a house; riches and prosperity are sure to follow, and if they are allowed to build in peace and quiet close to a farm-yard, they will not injure the young fowls or the eggs; but should their nests be robbed, or the eggs broken, then the revengeful birds will kill the young ducks and chickens, suck the eggs, and steal everything they can find. I fear even the hospitality of the farmer will hardly cure his troublesome guests of their thieving habits. If country-folks in Ireland meet a single magpie, the women curtsy, or make the sign of the Cross, and the men take off their hats, or exclaim, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—Devil, I defy thee!" in order to avert the ill-luck. It is particularly unlucky to meet a single magpie before breakfast when starting on a journey or setting out for a day's work, and if one comes up to the house door he brings a warning of death.

In Munster it is said to be a good omen to see two magpies on the right hand, but three on the left are unlucky, and it is well to avert misfortune by spitting thrice, making the sign of the Cross, or bowing to the birds—customs which still linger in a few parts of England. In many districts magpies chattering

round a house are said to show that visitors are coming; in Lancashire, however, "pynots" are considered most ill-omened birds if they approach a house, and in Scotland we are told that the "gude-wife" would rather see the devil himself than "a pielt" on a tree near her dwelling.

The Scotch magpie rhyme is slightly different from the English and Irish versions:

"One's a sorrow, two's mirth,  
Three's a wedding, four's a birth,  
Five's a christening, six a death,  
Seven's heaven, eight is hell,  
Nine is the de'il his ain sel'!"

In Poitou garlands of heather and laurel were formerly hung on the trees to honour the magpie; and in Sweden, many German provinces, and Brittany, it was thought that it was only allowable to shoot the bird during the Christmas holidays. Great ill-luck



W. H. Farvok's.

SPRINGTIME.

Copyright





A. Keighley.

MARSH - MARIGOLDS.  
From the Camera Club Exhibition.

Copyright

would befall those who killed it after the Epiphany, or January 18th, according to a curious superstition which lingers in Dresden, where the bodies of magpies shot between December 24th and January 18th are dried and made into powders, which are supposed to be an unfailing cure for epilepsy.

Various reasons are assigned for the superstitions concerning the ill-luck of the bird. Probably its fancied connection with sorcerers was due to the fact that it was one of the birds used by the augurs in divination. The bird seems to have been anciently called "magati-pie," "pynot," and "maggot-pye." In Rowlands' "Night Raven" (1620) we read:

"I neither battle with Jack Daw,  
Or Maggot-pye on thatch'd house straw."



A. Keighley.

AFTERGLOW.

Copyright:

A skirmish between jackdaws and magpies was supposed to foreshadow a battle between the English and French in the reign of Charles VIII. of France, and Queen Editha was said to have been induced by the chattering of pies to persuade her husband to build the monastery of Oseney, near Oxford.

The beauty of the bird's plumage, the readiness with which it can be taught various tricks, and even how to speak, and its amusing ways in captivity, render it a favourite pet, in spite of its love for stealing and its noisy chatter. In severe weather flocks of magpies often seek the seashore, where they live upon small shell-fish, worms, etc., left bare by the ebbing tide, and may be seen, like the rooks, following the plough, in search of worms and grubs.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

## PICTORIAL QUALITY IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE exhibition of Mr. Alexander Keighley's work at the Camera Club has just ended, and has been immediately succeeded by a collection of work by members of the club, which well deserves a visit if only on account of the instructive contrast which one may draw between a one-man show and an exhibition which has been contributed to by camera workers with widely-different ideals and aims.

It has been most truly said that photography represents the

mere dead body of Nature, but fails to catch the soul and feeling; that is to say, it is true of photography as usually practised; and if we take as a model of good photography the academic standard of the technician, then it may be said that the better the photography the less suggestive is it of the vitality and sentiment of Nature. Look round on such a collection of mixed authorship, and note the strikingly good technical photographs and those which seem to breathe a suggestion of waving grasses, whispering foliage, soft moving light, or deep mysterious shadows, and the two virtues will never or very rarely be found to reside in the same example. Mr. Keighley's work excellently represents the latter class, in which the authors have had the courage to sacrifice some of those qualities, which the chemist or optician would prize if by so doing a better expression of Nature's impression can be secured. For its wonderful powers of definition, for portraying with absolute fidelity the utmost minutiae of everything submitted to it, photography was at first chiefly valuable; and, indeed, it stands so entirely alone in this particular capacity, that one can understand the feeling of the photographer who is loth to sacrifice this unique faculty; and yet, if artistic expression be the motive of the photograph, the excessive definition at one time chiefly characteristic of photography is the first quality to go. Then, too, the vivid contrasts of light and shadow which make for brilliancy prove unsuitable for pictorial purposes, and the unsympathetic person who fails to appreciate the purpose of the picture or the producer's aim, calls it a bad photograph because it lacks those qualities which he is accustomed to see in a camera-made picture. Whether a subject shall be photographed in such a way that the full powers of the many-sided photographic process are exemplified, or rendered

in the manner its author thinks best, regardless of prescribed standards, depends entirely upon whether the photograph will be valued as a record or representation of something which existed at the time, or whether the photograph is intended to give pleasure itself and be valued accordingly. In the latter instance it matters not whether the scene be depicted with recognisable accuracy; indeed, a painter as often as not deliberately introduces some greater or less degree of fiction into his picture in order to create a fairer scene than that spread out before him, or for the purpose of arranging a more pleasing composition.

The photographer's powers of addition or elimination are much more limited; but if he is able to leave out details he has a perfect right to do so, and, assuming that he has secured the





A. Keighley.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

Copyright



A. Keighley.

PLOUGHING IN TUSCANY.

Copyright

effect which seems right to him, he must be admitted to be artistically right, although, perhaps, we may not agree with him in taste or approve of his work. The picture-maker is an autocrat acknowledging no laws, and using just so much of the possibilities of a process as suits him. He must also be something of an experimentalist, trying this and that to see if it will yield what he desires. His field of operations is unlimited; he may choose his subjects from anywhere, remembering that whatsoever pleases him or strikes his fancy, his purpose is so to render it that his representation shall show others precisely what appealed to him. The average man passes by unheeded many beautiful things merely because he is so accustomed to them; and beautiful effects of light and shade, which the sun weaves from the atmosphere, often envelop the most commonplace objects, and the ordinary individual goes by unnoticed until an artist shows him a picture in which this beauty is brought out, and henceforth the man sees that to which before he was from habit blind.

The actual concrete objects included in a picture, whether that picture be photograph or painting, are to be merely the vehicles of his abstract ideas, and are not depicted on account of any interest attaching to their existence. An artist may paint a

indecision of Nature's outlines, and from the mystery of its elusive shadows the imagination really creates for its own enjoyment a more perfect tree, a more beautiful flower, a more pathetic incident than the precise photographic record would show to have been in fact; and, difficult as it may at first seem, it is this image of the imagination which one must make others realise when he produces a pictorial work. Judged from this standpoint, do not the pictures, or photographs, in question justify their inefficiency as specimens of the camera craft? If we cease to look for attributes which we have been accustomed to regard as essential to a photograph, and accept the pictures as their author's impression of the scenes, shall we not then be able to feel the warm sunlit air, or hear the rustle of leaves? Do not the many sensations which Nature stirs in us, and the gentle sounds which quicken our emotions, thrill us again? If so, the traditional character of the photographic print is well exchanged for the personal stamp of the photographic picture.

#### TIME OR FACTORIAL DEVELOPMENT.

Suppose now you are using an average pyro-soda developer, made according to such formulæ as are issued by the Ilford or Imperial companies



A. Keighley.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Copyright

picture which is a pure invention, having no real existence anywhere, and yet it will be not the less good artistically. The photographer must, in the first place, depend on realities; but if a picture and not a mere record is aimed at, its value and the pleasure it should give are not dependent on the fact that a real place or subject are represented. Hence it follows that if it be possible to introduce into the photographic picture something that was not present, but seemed likely to more fully express the idea, or if it be possible to omit that which is not desirable, it would be perfectly legitimate to do so, and to some extent this may be achieved, not by actually erasing, but by so printing that such parts shall be less obtrusive. It is necessary to bear this in mind when considering such pictorial work as has been already instanced, and some examples of which are here reproduced.

Sharper definition and clearer delineation would certainly tell us a greater number of facts concerning the original scene. It would then constitute a graphic inventory of Nature's belongings; but in the abundance of facts the imagination is not appealed to, and the chief charm in Nature and in art is the inspiration which is given to the imagination out of the rich

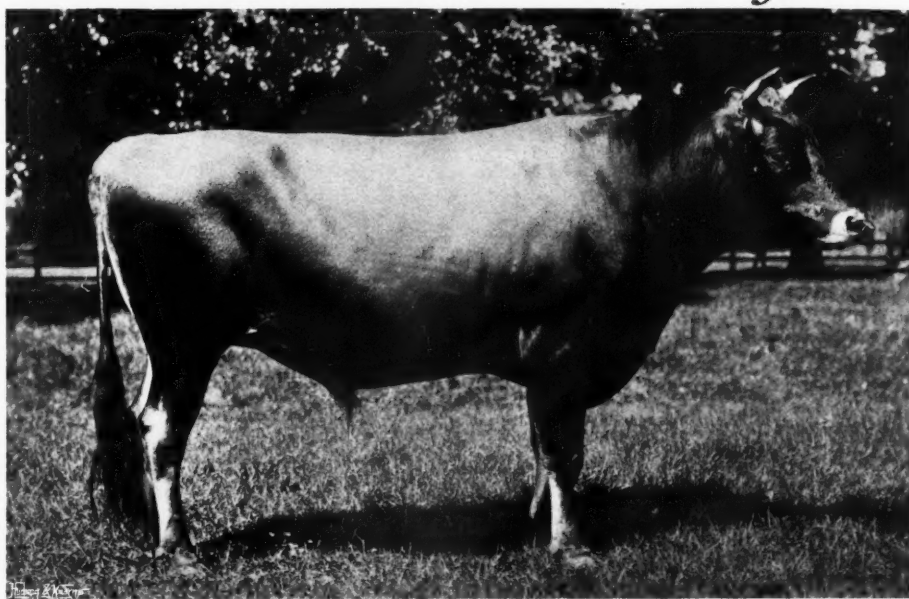
with their plates. The instant you pour the developer over the plate begin counting seconds by your watch until the image first begins faintly to appear. Suppose this is 20sec.; multiply 20 by 5, which will give 100sec., or, say, 1½ min., then at the expiration of 1½ min. stop development. You may ask why? Well, it has been found that with each given developer the time occupied for complete development is always in the same relationship to the time of the first appearance, and with most pyro-soda developers the relationship is found to be from 4½ to 5½ times or thereabout. Should the particular negative which we took out at 5 times the time of first appearance prove too thin, with insufficient contrast, then next time adopt a higher multiplying factor, say, 6, giving 120sec. or 2min.; and, on the other hand, should it be too dense, multiply the time of first appearance by a lower multiplier. Mr. Watkins has worked out the correct factor or multiplying number for all different developers; thus with metol it would be about 30; with rodinal 40. You probably know how the image with these highly-active developers rushes up, the time of first appearance being, perhaps, only 2sec. or 3sec., and hence a higher multiplying factor is needed to give the plate time to accumulate density. If, owing to the activity of the particular developer, the image comes up very quickly, then a higher multiplying factor will be required, and *vice versa*. Keeping to one developer, after a few trials you settle down to the precise multiplier which yields the character of negative you desire, and then your troubles are for ever at an end.

A. HORSLEY HINTON.



## LADY DE ROTHSCHILD'S JERSEYS.

THE pronounced success of Lady de Rothschild's Jerseys at the Nottingham Show last week renders it extremely fortunate that we are able to reproduce in our Summer Number some pictures of her beautiful Jerseys. What they have just achieved at the Bath and West is only in keeping with the record they have made during the years of their establishment. Lady de Rothschild's place is at Aston Clinton, a village on the road from Aylesbury to



Copyright

GALLANT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Tring, lying at the foot of the Chiltern Hills. It is four and a-half miles south-east of Aylesbury, and four and a-half miles north-west of Tring. The nearest railway stations are Tring, for the London and North Western, Stoke Mandeville, for the Metropolitan, and Aylesbury itself, for the Great Central, London and North Western, Metropolitan, and Great Western Railways. The soil is an excellent one for cattle-rearing purposes, being a stiff loam and chalk with a subsoil of shale. Originally the herd was started with the simple object of supplying the house with the best dairy products; but contact with Jerseys almost invariably induces a pride in them, and no long time elapsed before steps began to be taken to raise the herd up to its present condition. In the early days purchases were made from the well-known herd at Tring Park, but in addition to that the principal English sales were attended, and the breeding was carried out on the most careful principles. At first the celebrated bull Pontorsons Lad (6364), the son of

Oxford Prince and Pontorsons 2nd, winner of five first prizes, one championship, and a Blythe-wood Bowl, was used. He was followed by Oxford Brigadier, by the prize bull Ali-cante's Boy (5061) from Oxford Buttercup, a half-sister of that extraordinary cow Oxford Dahlia. This animal won twelve first and champion prizes, and her milk return during four years averaged 864gal. The best proof of the high standing of the herd was afforded at the sale in 1902, when fifty-

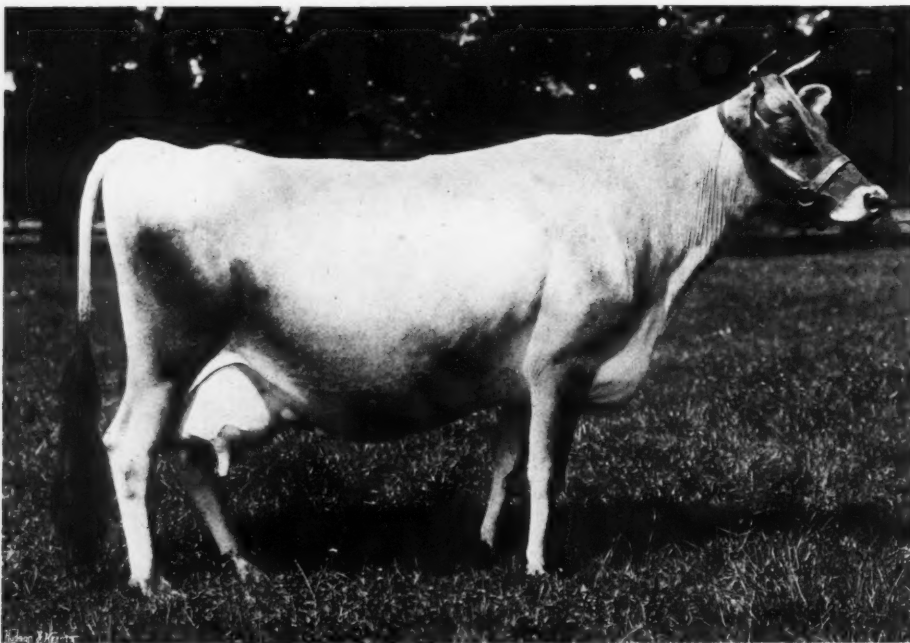
six animals were sold, realising an average of nearly £40 each. One fine young cow, Carol, was sold for 210 guineas, and three others made over 100 guineas. These figures speak for themselves, and since the date of that sale the herd has gone on getting better and better, so that now there are very few in the country that will compare with it. When such results have been attained, we need scarcely say that the management of the herd has been conducted on the strictest business principles. It would, indeed, be well for themselves if owners of dairy herds, kept for supplying the market, would take a lesson from those who keep only first-class pedigree stock. It must be remembered that the prosperity of the dairy farmer depends upon the milking qualities of his dairy cows, and these it is obviously impossible for him to develop unless he gets into the habit of taking a record morning and evening. We know very well what his answer would be to this, because we have heard it often. He says in effect that, although he does not measure the



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IN THE Paddock.

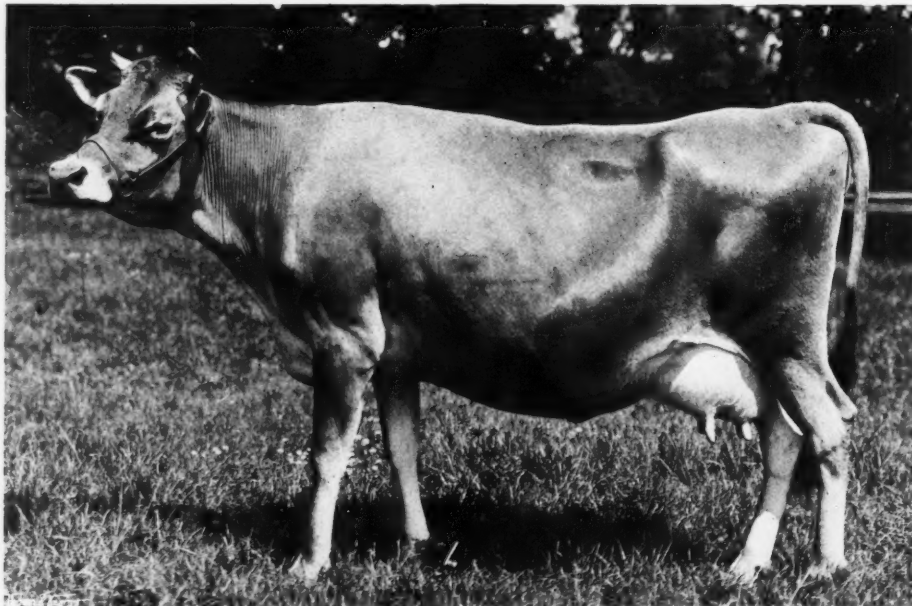
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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WHITEWOOD FIFTH.

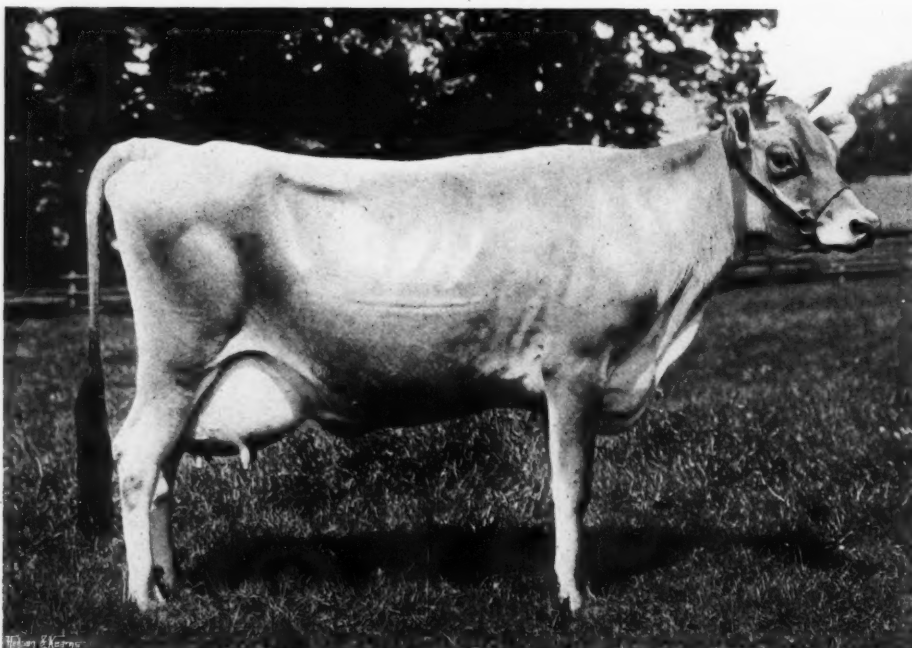
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TAMBOURETTE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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CORAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

yield in gallons or pounds, yet he very well knows which are the good and which are the bad milkers. At the best this is a very inexact kind of knowledge, and many dairy farmers do not possess even as much as that. They go to the market and buy a scratch lot of dairy cows, milk them for a season or two seasons, and then either sell them again in the open market or fatten them up for the butcher. In other words, their ideal is a double-purpose cow—one that will suit equally well for the production of meat or milk. But where they have been induced to keep careful records it has been found necessary to abandon this slovenly system. In Denmark, where the science of dairying is brought to its highest pitch of perfection, the farmer would never do anything so carelessly. He knows to a gallon what each cow should produce in a year, and is most careful to weed out those that do not come up to his standard; while the pedigree of the bulls and their relation to the well-known milking strains is thoroughly well understood and attended to. If the dairy farmer were to follow the example thus shadowed forth, he ought in a very short time to be able to eclipse the records made by any pedigree stock. This will be evident enough if we consider the difficulties which Mr. Bathurst has to encounter. Not only must the animals yield well, but they have to look well also, as the laudable ambition of Lady de Rothschild is to take prizes in the inspection as well as in the milking classes. Now the dairy farmer need not concern himself with one of these objects. He has to consider the yield of milk alone, and appearance he can dismiss with the words of the old proverb, "handsome is as handsome does," though on the whole we believe it to be fairly true that a good cow is seldom ill-looking—a fact which will be apparent enough by an examination of the photographs which we set before our readers. For example, a beautiful cow, Whitewood Fifth, has all the points that one would look for in a good dairy cow. She is wedge-shaped, fine boned, and the milk veins and milking regions generally are highly developed. Also she has a look of motherliness that naturally belongs to a good milker, and she is certainly entitled to that distinction. This cow was calved on April 1st, 1897, so that to-day she is no youngster. She has had altogether six calves, of which the last was born on May 23rd, 1904. Her yield of milk for the year ending last September 1st was 7,735lb., which made an average of 27.31lb., as she was 271 days in milk and ninety-four days dry. White Pink 2nd's record is almost as good. So is that of Lady Dora, whose portrait we give also. This cow was calved in 1889, and has borne two calves, of which the latter was born on July 23rd, 1903. She was 347 days in milk, and gave 7,118lb. in the course of the year. The cow Dora is now ten years old, as she was calved on January 27th, 1895. She has had no fewer than nine calves, and yet remains a very good milker, since she gave 5,498lb. in the year. But the best way is to take the yield of the whole herd. From it we learn that fourteen cows gave 93,319lb. of milk, making an average of 6,655lb. per cow. By dividing that by ten we get, roughly speaking, the

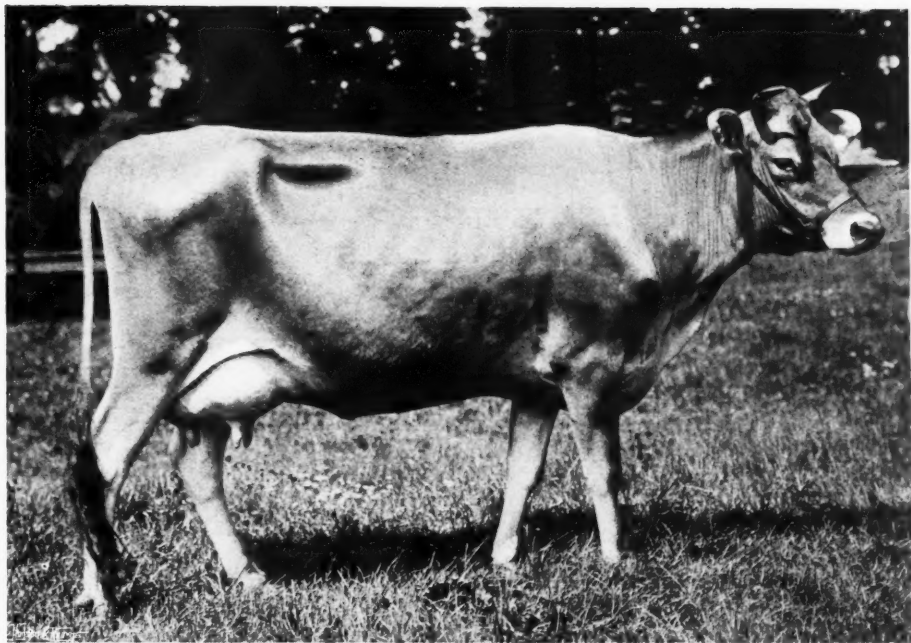


amount produced as being 666lb. per cow on the average. This, we venture to think, will compare very favourably with the produce of an ordinary herd of mongrel Shorthorns kept for the purpose of supplying towns with milk, and yet, as we have said, other things being equal, the owner of a milking dairy ought to achieve results far superior to those obtained in pedigree stock. Probably he might retort that he cannot afford the cost of upkeep; but this is a delusion. If Jerseys are overfed they almost invariably become coarse and unfit for show purposes. It has to be remembered that their wonderful qualities have been developed not by people who kept them for fancy, but by peasants who could not afford them any but the poorest rations. In the island the cows still are tethered, and never have been accustomed to high feeding. It is the same with the peasant's cow wherever found. The little Kerry of the Irish peasant developed its splendid qualities through generations of frugal treatment; so did the Scottish kyloe and the Ayrshire. We do not know the cost of feeding in Lady de Rothschild's herd, but we do know what it comes to in some other pedigree herds, and we are inclined to think that the better-kept cow is often the cheaper. One thing about the average English farmer is that he has a great contempt for weights and measures. If you ask him how much hay he gives his cow the chances are decidedly in favour of his replying "A forkful," and this is a quantity, as we need not explain, of the most variable description. Moreover, he is careless in giving it, so that a great part of the fodder is usually trampled into manure. All this increases the cost of feeding, and renders it very difficult for the man who has to make a living out of his herd to compete with those who keep pedigree cows only for their amusement.

The best butter and milk always command their price, and the fallacy that this breed are too delicate to prosper under ordinary conditions is repeatedly being exploded by practical experiments. Such herds are particularly valuable in the neighbourhood of towns, and, if treated in a business-like way, will produce such returns on expenditure during the heyday of their milking yield, that the owner will be in a position to regard with indifference the prices obtained for them when ultimately weeded out.

The bulls of this breed have all the fire of race in them, and when of uncertain temper will make it very uncomfortable at times for their attendants, returning again and again to the charge, however vigorous the punishment dealt out to them.

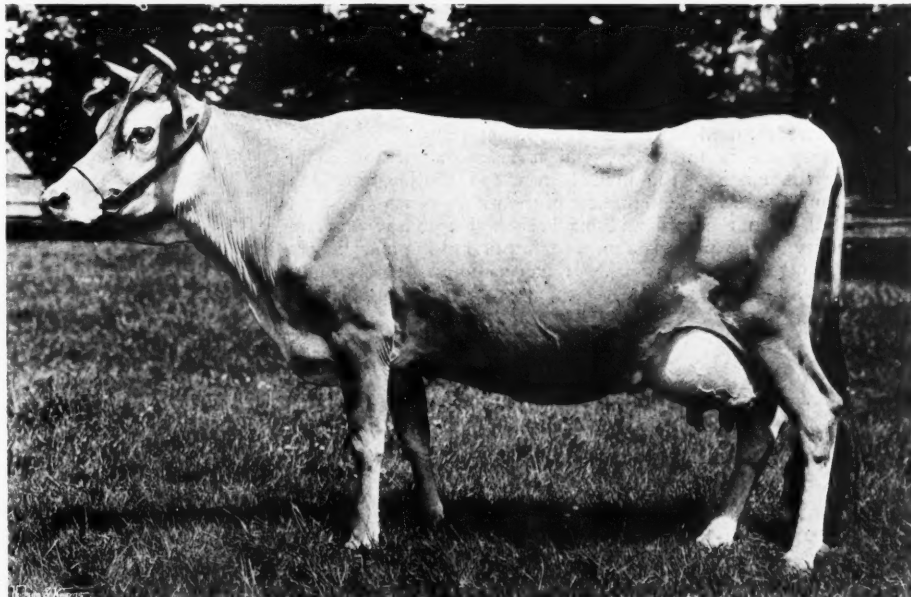
In addition to their commercial value, these beautiful creatures, with their fine, almost deer-like, limbs and coats, and intelligent, well-bred heads, make a most attractive feature when kept on the home farm or feeding in well-timbered parks. The writer will never forget his visit to the lane of Jerseys at the Nottingham Show a few days ago, where a very large number had been sent to compete. Lady de Rothschild's prize-winners in Class 108 were certainly as handsome as anything to be found in an exhibition at which the cattle generally were shown to the very greatest advantage. But the pictures, we think, say as much for themselves.



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LADY PHYLLIS.

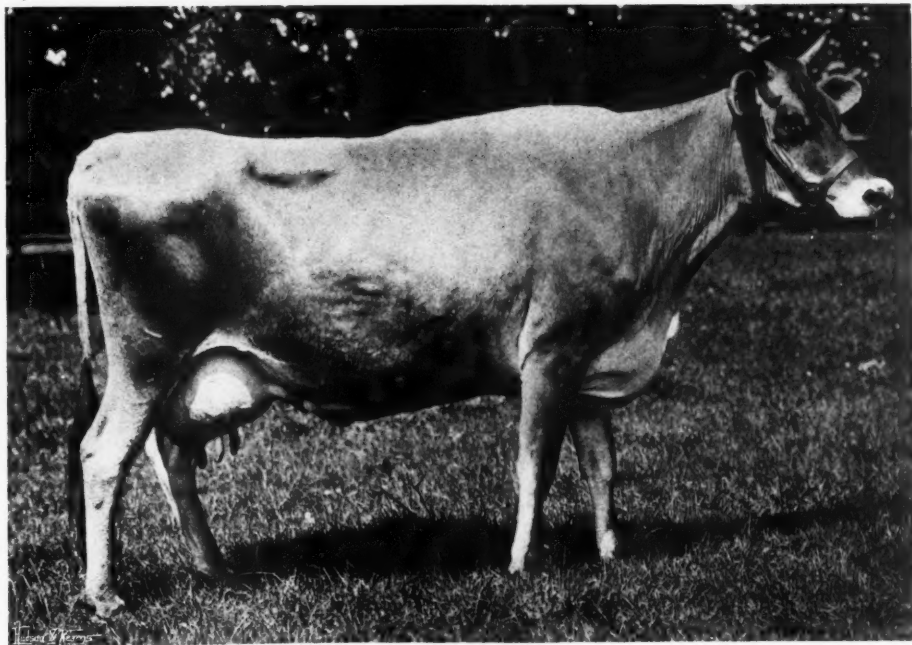
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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LADY DORA.

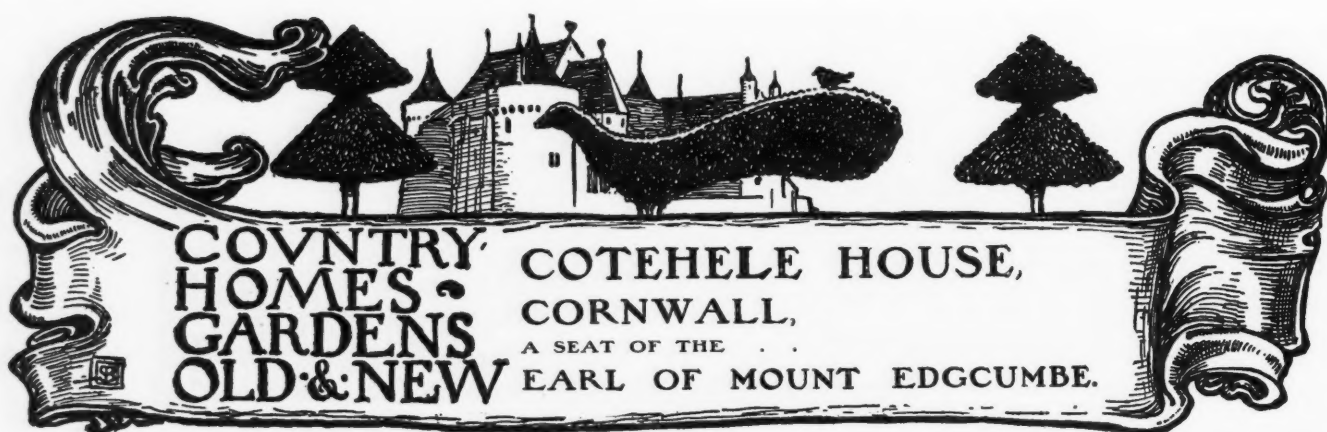
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WITCH.

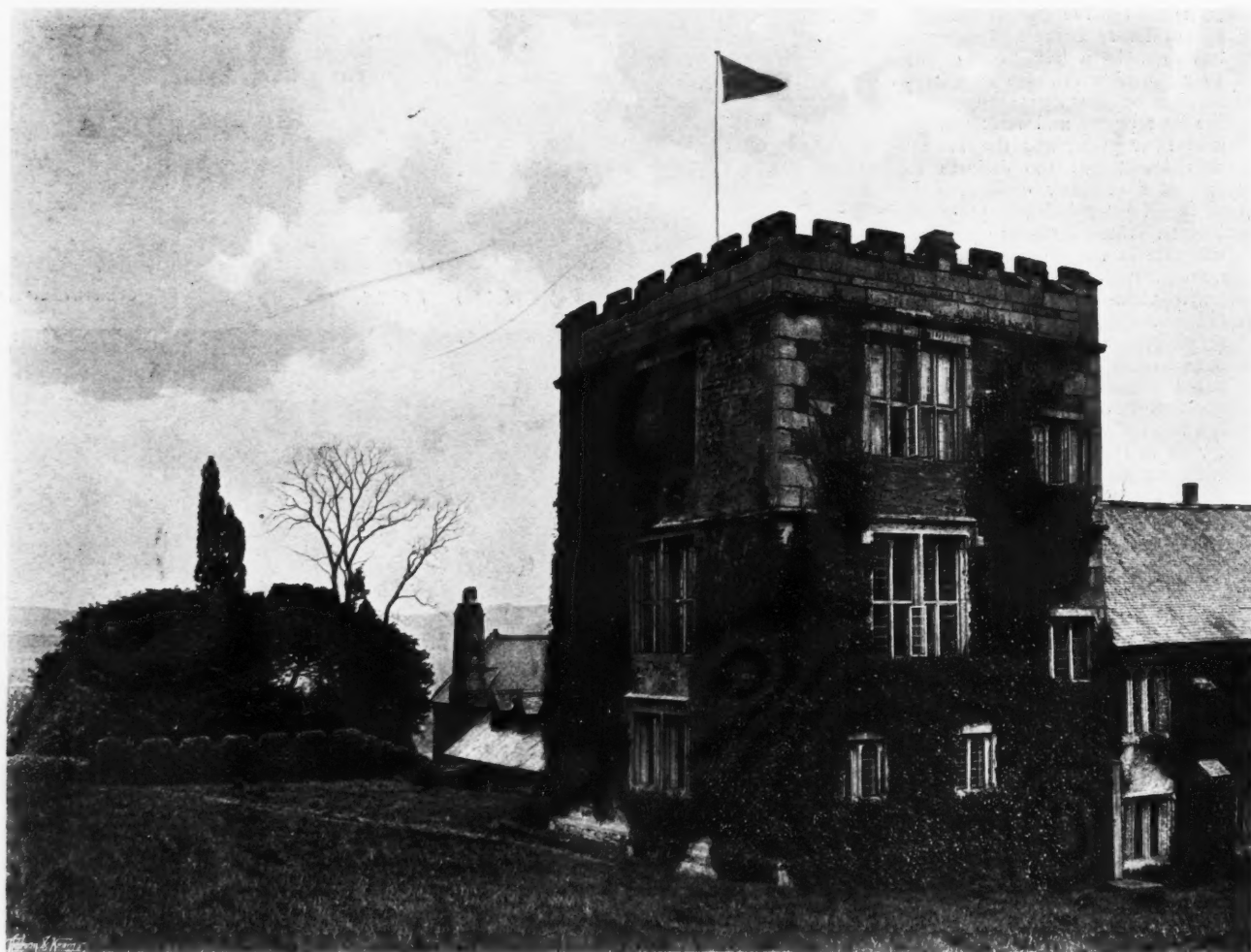
"COUNTRY LIFE."



**M**ANY as are the venerable houses in whose weathered walls and panelled chambers we find, as it were, the living presence of our long-dead fathers, there is, perhaps, not one which is so worthy of attention as the grey old dwelling-place of Cotehele. Few river courses in England are so rich in landscape charm as are those sylvan reaches of the Tamar, which are the delight of its neighbourhood. Some places may be more architecturally perfect, like Haddon; a few may be more finished in detail, as Oxburgh or the great tower of Llayer Marney; many may be more splendid in form, like Hatfield or Montacute; but we do not know any so little touched by any hand save that of Time as Cotehele. The house stands practically as it stood when fresh from the hand of its builder; there have since been added tapestry and some later features, but there is surprisingly little about the house belonging to any later century than the seventeenth, and thus the spell of antiquity is unbroken. The atmosphere is mediæval, and it seems as if we could still hear the clang of the mailed heel, the challenge of the warder from the tower, the laughter of the retainers who lingered in the hall when the lord and his lady had withdrawn. The individuality of the place is another point of infinite charm. It is like nothing else we know of. It has something in common, perhaps, with the Border peels which were to overawe the

marauding Scots, for it was built in a turbulent region, strong as a place of defence in a land wherein civil brawl broke out not seldom into open strife.

Here, on this wooded eminence above the Tamar, in the Cornish parish of Calstock, was seated anciently a family of Cotehele, which took its name from the place, and remained in possession until the time of Edward III. It will be observed that the structure of Cotehele House displays in its masonry the character of at least two different dates, and we may attribute the rougher rubble-work of the lower walls partly to the time of the Coteheles. The heiress of the house, towards the end of the fourteenth century, was Hillaria de Cotehele, a lady of moderate estate, about whose wardship and marriage arose a notable dispute. Edward the Black Prince, as Duke of Cornwall, said that these rights were his, and that he had sold them for the sum of 40s. to one John de Brendon "so that she be married without disparagement." The money was to be paid to the feodary of the Duchy, and this official was charged to deliver to John de Brendon "the body of the said heiress to be married as aforesaid," on payment duly made. It is an old saying that "Love laughs loud at locksmiths," and so he laughed at John de Brendon, who thus sought, by a commercial transaction and by the favour of the Black Prince, to purchase the heiress of Cotehele. In those days not only had the lord custody of the minor and his or her lands,



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"COUNTRY LIFE."





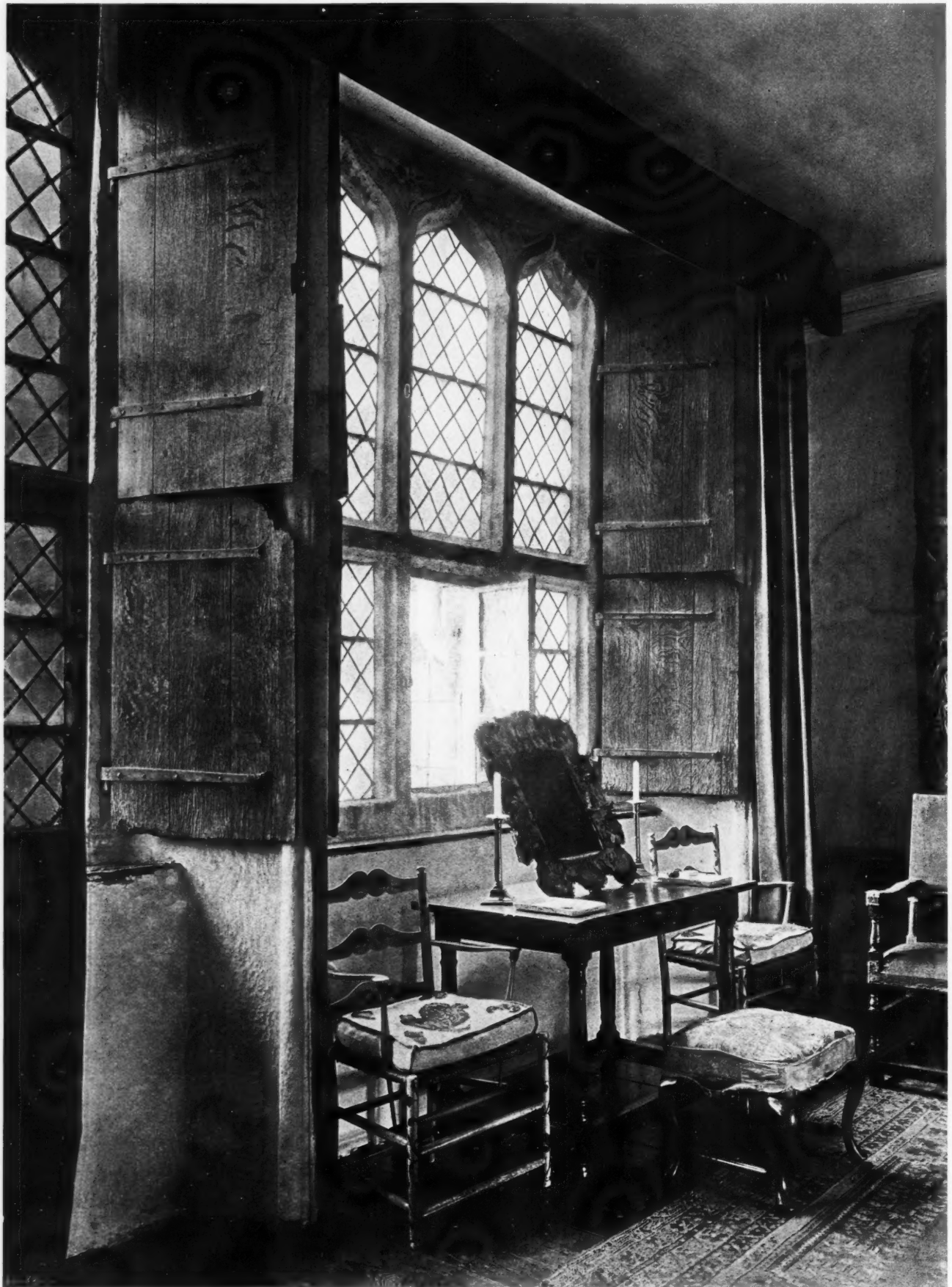
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GATE OF GRANITE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

without accounting for the profits of the estate, but also the right of disposing of the ward in suitable marriage; but if the ward refused the marriage the value—in this case 40s.—would be forfeited. Disputes arose as to the due ownership of these

in the matter of her marriage. As to her lands, she had to “sue out of the livery” of the lord by the process of *ouster le main*. It should have been easy to prove that she was sixteen or more; and it seems likely that she had already placed her affections.



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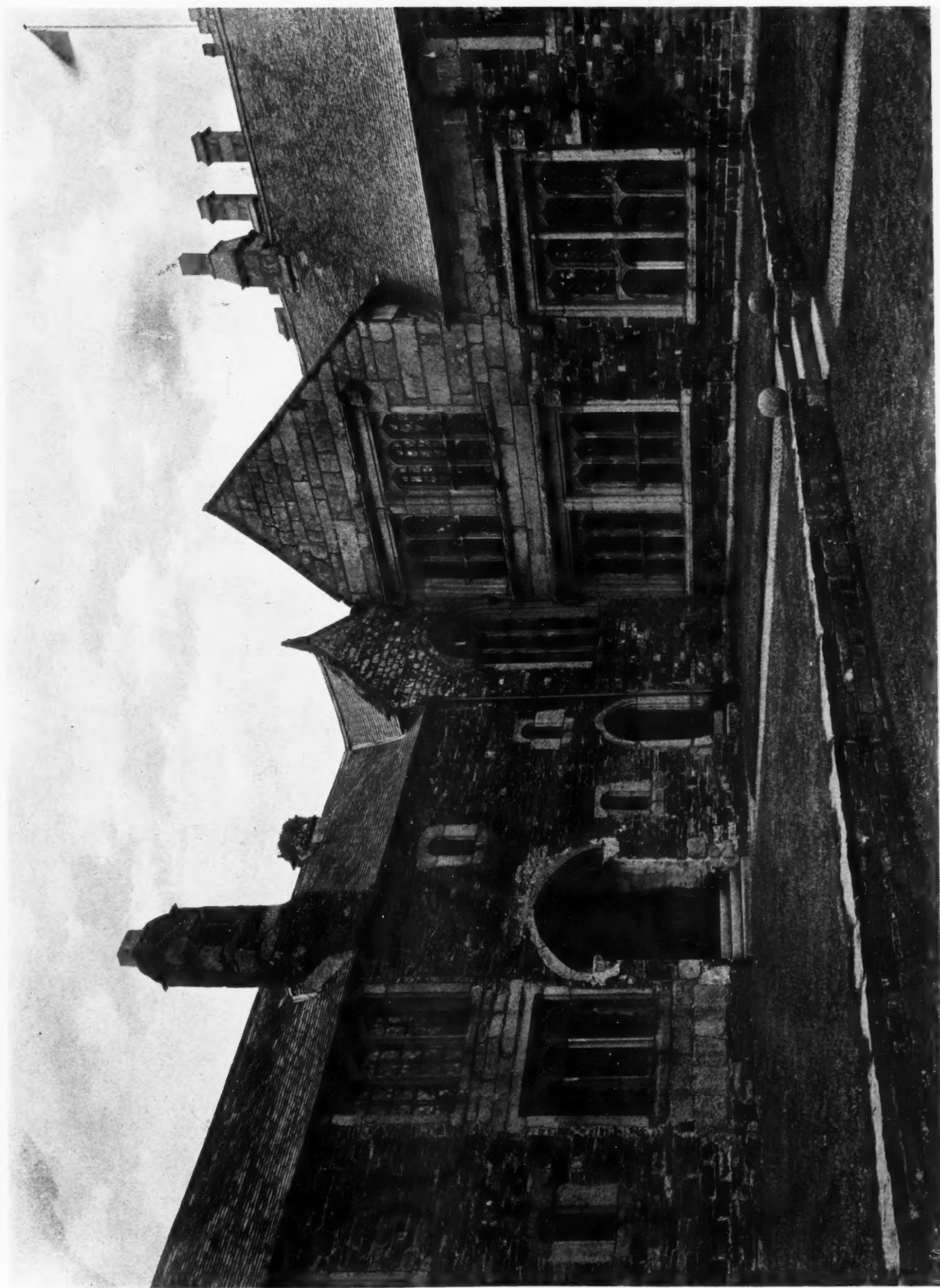
PART OF THE SOUTH ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

singular rights in the fate of the lady; but Hillaria herself, claiming to be of the full legal age of fourteen and upwards, prayed to have enquiry made as to her age, so that she might have the benefit of the statute which would free her from control

for she shortly afterwards married William Edgcumbe. This gentleman belonged to an ancient family which had been seated at the small house of Edgcumbe in the parish of Milton Abbot from time immemorial, and was the second





"COUNTRY LIFE."

NORTH-WEST CORNER OF COURT.

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son of Richard Edgcumbe of that place.

We pass on to the builder of Cotehele House, as it now stands. Sir Richard Edgcumbe was the grandson of William and Hilaria, and he rose to be a man of very great importance in the West Country in the time of Richard III. and his successor, holding many offices of trust, and was Escheator of Cornwall. It would appear that political strife in his case led to personal enmity, for he was long in bitter antagonism to his neighbour,

Robert Willoughby of Bere Ferrers. The latter gentleman, who subsequently became Lord Willoughby de Broke, seemed at one time to have meditated the death of Richard Edgcumbe. At least, the latter made grave allegations against him, which are still upon record. Once, as he was riding home to Cotehele from the house of a friend, Willoughby, with thirty-four armed men, lay in wait to murder him, and "upon him made a saute," whereupon he was put to flight and chased as far as Liskeard. On another occasion these enemies discharged arrows at his servants, and threatened them that they would burn the place unless they disclosed the whereabouts of their master. That same night Edgcumbe was again attacked by Willoughby, who had with him twenty-four sturdy men, and once more he was constrained to fly. Later on, his enemies lay in wait for him and haunted the woods and hedges at Cotehele, so that he durst not approach his house nor "at that

same place abyde." They stole his household goods, including bedding, blankets, and a hunting-horn; and once, when he was at sea, intending to land at Fowey, they prevented him from doing so, and he was obliged to keep away from the coast for many days.

We thus see that, in its very beginning, as the Edgcumbes knew it, Cotehele was a place that required to be strong. The enmity, however, passed away, and subsequently Lord de Broke and Sir Richard Edgcumbe held

high places together at the Court of Henry VII., and it is curious to note that 300 years later the estates of Willoughby, having passed into the possession of Lord Buckinghamshire, came to Richard, second Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, on his marriage with Lady Sophia Hobart. There appears to be no doubt that Sir Richard Edgcumbe had joined the adversaries of Richard III., and had taken part with Buckingham in his endeavours. The Duke was captured and beheaded at Salisbury in 1483, and some of his followers paid the same penalty, but Edgcumbe escaped and fled to Cotehele, pursued, it is said, by a band of armed men under Sir Henry Trenowth of Bodrugan. A curious legend is told of this episode. Edgcumbe escaped from the mansion house into the wood, closely followed, and, having gained the summit of a rock which emerges from the deep thickets above the Tamar, his cap fell into the water as he was climbing down to conceal himself. The soldiers thereupon



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ENTRANCE FROM THE BARN.

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EAST FRONT.

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OLD DRAWING-ROOM.



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THE WAY OUT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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HALL ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

PUNCH ROOM.



"COUNTRY LIFE."

PUNCH ROOM.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE HALL.

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arriving, and seeing his cap floating down the river, imagined that he had perished, and gave up the pursuit. He afterwards passed into France, and after the fall of the king, erected a chapel, which still remains, in grateful memory of his escape. He was created a Knight Banneret on the field of Bosworth by Henry VII., and held high offices, and was greatly enriched in lands and possessions, receiving among other territories the estates of Bodrugan, which had belonged to his pursuer, and the story is told that Bodrugan was hunted by Edgcumbe, as Edgcumbe had been by Bodrugan, and that he escaped in a like fashion at Bodrugan's Leap near Dodman Head. Edgcumbe thus became rich and powerful, but only survived his accession of fortune a few years. It may be convenient here, before describing Cotehele House, to say that Sir Richard Edgcumbe's son, Piers Edgcumbe, was also a supporter of Henry VII., and was made a Knight of the Bath at the creation of the Prince of Arthur. His son was the builder of Mount Edgcumbe House, but members of the family lived at Cotehele from time to time afterwards, notably Colonel Piers Edgcumbe, who suffered heavy losses by sequestration as a supporter of Charles I.

We may now suitably describe the mansion which has such an interesting history. Its situation, as we have said, is superb,

The interior of the great hall is particularly impressive, with its lofty, open timber roof, its rugged walls, its ancient tapestry, its suits of armour, and its antique character. The interior fittings are retained, and the ancient tables and other old furniture invest the place with a singularly antique character. Upon the wall hang many trophies of the chase—horns, antlers and horns of the Irish elk—with two ancient cast bronze horns which deserve notice, one of them being a speaking trumpet, and it is surmised that these may have been brought from Ireland by Sir Richard Edgcumbe, who was sent thither by Queen Elizabeth as ambassador to certain Irish leaders.

The other apartments are all extremely interesting, and each of them is stored with antique furniture and many curious relics of bygone days. All are hung with tapestry, sometimes lifted to give entrance, and the hearths are plished with logs, supported upon ancient fire-dogs. The dining-room at the end of the hall joins the chapel, and the old withdrawing-room has its walls curiously painted, and its singular tapestry depicts the death of Eurydice. There is also a very remarkable ante-room, or "punch-room," hung with ancient tapestry, and hence a staircase leads up through an archway. The chapel was originally dedicated by Bishop Stafford in May, 1411. Its stained east window represents the Crucifixion, with angels, and



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TERRACES ON THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and this untouched example of an embattled mediæval mansion rises above lovely terraced gardens, which slope to the woods by the river. The principal part was built in the last years of the fifteenth century, but evidences of the earlier structure will be seen in the walls, where rubble-work and ashlar masonry of rugged granite are curiously intermixed. On the south front is the entrance gateway under a strong tower, with the singular arched entrance under a heavy drip stone. The door is of oak, heavily studded with nails, and the archway within is groined with ribbed granite. Two windows in the rubble masonry are of a simple type, and one of them on the upper floor communicates, not with the room upon that floor, but gives light through a chimney-like shaft to a dungeon or place of concealment on the ground level. There are two arched doorways on the right upon entering, which admit to the porter's lodge and to the upper floor. We thus pass into the courtyard, which is admirably illustrated, and the varying character of the building will be particularly noticed. Opposite is a four-centred arch leading into the retainers' court, and the hall is seen with the east end of the chapel which appears in the north-west angle. Upon the east side of the house some few alterations have been made, but they are in excellent harmony with the rest of the structure and do nothing to spoil the charm.

has been carefully restored, and there is also in the chapel a copy of the funeral memorial of Sir Richard Edgcumbe at Morlaix.

The bedrooms upstairs have furniture of the time of Elizabeth and James, and in one of them is a curious mirror of polished steel. It is, however, impossible to describe all the curious and interesting things that are to be found in Cotehele House. One room is said to have been occupied by Charles I., and to remain exactly as he left it, but upon this point there can be no certainty. Another is called Queen Anne's Room. The house has been honoured by several Royal visits. George III. was there with his Queen in 1789, and Queen Victoria and Prince Albert visited the house in 1846.

It will thus be seen that the place is from every point of view extremely interesting and curious. Its external aspect, with square embattled towers and rugged walls, is most remarkable, and it has the advantage of standing in a country of singular sylvan beauty. The bold rock upon which Sir Richard Edgcumbe's chapel stands is a notable feature from the river. Unfortunately, the place suffered from the terrible blizzard of 1891, when much damage was done to the woods, and a magnificent Spanish chestnut, 32ft. in girth, was destroyed. The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe does well to preserve in its original



state this magnificent illustration of the life of earlier times. After the removal of the family to Mount Edgcumbe the house was little used as a residence for some two centuries, and some part of it was adapted as a farm, the ancient armour at that time being periodically painted brown, and the pictures washed by the old housekeeper, as the Earl has recorded, with a mixture of gin and water. Otherwise, the place remained untouched until about forty years ago, when the Earl partly refitted the interior, and adapted it as a residence for his mother. The spirit of past centuries resides within its walls, and long may the ages last ere that spirit be banished from quaint and curious Cotehele.

#### A FLOURISHING AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

MEMBERS of the Bath and West and Southern Counties' Society have very good reason to be satisfied with the report submitted to them this year, and perhaps now that the Nottingham show is over it may be useful to recapitulate some of the points brought forward in it. It was an experiment to go to Nottingham, and one which has been successful from every point of view. The town and district are notable for their agricultural development, not so much perhaps in the way of producing pedigree and show stock, as for the general excellence of the farming.

The Duke of Portland, who exercises a very great deal of influence in the neighbourhood, and who is one of the most effective supporters of that industry in this country, is no great believer in getting up pedigree animals to an abnormally high condition for exhibition purposes. His idea is that they are often unnaturally fat, and that it would be much better if the judges required them to be in their natural condition; but this really is entirely the spirit in which the affairs of the Bath and West have long been conducted. Its objects have been of the most practical kind, and more has been done to improve agriculture by this society than by any other. That the entries for the Nottingham Show were greater than any previously recorded, goes to show how much the efforts of this society have been appreciated. As an example of the enterprise shown by our Western friends, it is only necessary to point to the Nature study part of the exhibition. This was quite a new feature, and the things shown consisted of collections, diagrams, etc., illustrating the life history of animals and physical and geological views of the country.

While the Royal has been obliged to resort to all sorts of devices to raise the funds necessary for the conduct of its affairs, the council of the Bath and West have been actually able to save money. Last year they added £2,000 to the invested capital, and they placed £1,000 on deposit at the bank. Certainly this has not been achieved by curtailing the experimental work, as the treatment of grass land is still being carried on; so is the Cheese School at Wedmore, and the other teaching institutions. The council in connection with this made a grant of £100 towards the National Fruit and Cider Institute.

The society, indeed, has done much good work in the revival of the industry of cider-making, and at the present moment members can obtain, free of charge, from the institute analyses of cider apples and perry pears.

Another new departure in the education programme was the steps they took to obtain for the farmers, from the Board of Agriculture, inoculating material, such as has been the subject of much experiment in the United States; and we shall wait with interest to learn what further steps are being taken in regard to this, and how far the treatment of nitrogen-producing bacteria is a success.

The record is one that does the utmost credit to the society and to the officials who have been responsible for it. Looking back, it is easy for all who have been interested in the welfare of agriculture to see how much practical aid has been rendered to it. The Bath and West long ago took a prominent part in carrying out those milking trials that have done so much to improve the breed of dairy cows. This is only one branch of their activity, but it shows that the success at Nottingham was thoroughly well deserved.

#### IVY AND ITS MANY WAYS.

THINGS that are extremely familiar are often apt to pass almost unnoticed. Such a one is our common ivy; for it is only when one gives it a little careful thought, or something more than common observation, that one perceives what a wonderful and precious plant it is, and what an important part it plays in the clothing and adornment of our winter landscape. Indeed, it may truly be said that no one kind of vegetation can do so much for us when summer-leaving trees are bare.

When one is travelling about country roads in winter, ivy is often the only green thing to be seen. The fields are brown plough, woods and hedges are bare and leafless. Even pastures and roadsides are not green, for what short grass there is, is of a dull grey colour, and partly obscured by the buff and brown of last season's bents. But any turn of the road may bring into view deciduous trees richly mantled with ivy, a sight that rejoices the heart of any true lover of Nature's beauties. For it is in the depth of winter that the ivy leaves are at their glossiest and that their bowery masses not only look their best,



ON AN OAK.



OAK AND ELM.

but also give the most comforting assurance of that cosy warmth and safe harbourage so friendly and beneficent to the varied forms of bird-life.

Often some handsome arch of tree-limb bending over the roadway would pass unnoticed were it not overgrown with ivy; but the bushily-branching, dark green clothing, accentuating the tree form, reminds us how often it is that trees, and especially oaks, assume this graceful form over roads, and thereby give the impression of protective sympathy towards those who pass by.



THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

This is the more noticeable in that the oak is not always graceful in form like the birch or the ash.

The small ivy of the hedge-bank is beautiful too; in winter, and on poor soils especially, taking on wonderful colourings of brown and bronze and red, some leaves even approaching a scarlet colour. In the trailing or creeping stage, and when it first begins to climb, as on the small laneside tree in one of the illustrations, the leaves are of the typical five-pointed form. But as soon as it has climbed enough to make a distinct trunk, and to throw out the woody side branches that will produce flower and fruit, the form of the leaf changes to the plain shape with pointed end, only varying more or less in width. This rule, with one exception, is invariable. As long as it rails on a bank or spreads over the floor of a wood, or only begins to climb, the leaf is wide, either five or three pointed, or, at any rate, wide-shouldered; in the mature state it has none of these leaves. The exception is where, as on walls, the ivy is clipped every year, and is prevented from making the woody side-shoots. In this case the leaves remain of the wide shape.

Other trees—for ivy is a true tree, having a woody stem and branches—have the same way of producing leaves of two patterns. The most familiar is the holly, though in this case leaves both prickly and smooth-sided are seen on the same tree.



ON A WAYSIDE TREE.

The ilex also has the leaves prickly-edged in a young state, and plain, almost olive-like, when older. G. JEKYLL.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE ROSE SEASON.

ONCE again the Rose season has come round, giving fresh interest to the garden. From the reports we have received, the present year is likely to prove an excellent one for the queen of flowers, in spite of the weeks of cold north-easterly winds which somewhat crippled the growth in many parts. We hear also that the exhibition Roses will probably be finer than last year, owing to the fresh, healthy growth of the plants. The great show will take place in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society in Regent's Park, which have been kindly lent to the National Rose Society for that purpose. It is an ideal place for a show, and every facility has been offered by the Botanic Society to make the event worthy of the flower. Mr. Mawley, Rosebank, Berkhamsted, is the hon. secretary, and Mr. H. E. Molyneux is the new hon. treasurer, an office which he is certain to fill with exceptional ability. Both these officers of the society are keen rosarians, and their names are written large in the exhibition world. We hope there will be a revival of interest in the class of Roses called the Hybrid Perpetual, which has become overshadowed by the Tea and Hybrid Tea varieties. This is not as it should be. Beautiful though the Tea and China Roses are, we have a warm love for





IVY-CLAD ASH TREES.

the Hybrid Perpetuals, of which General Jacqueminot, Horace Vernet, Sultan of Zanzibar, Captain Christy, Etienne Levet, Dr. Andry, Alfred Colomb, Gustave Piganeau, Ulrich Brunner, Suzanne M. Rodocanachi, Helen Keller, Duchesse de Morny, Dupuy Jamain, A. K. Williams, Victor Hugo, Marie Baumann, Fisher Holmes, Charles Lefebvre, Xavier Olibo, Louis van Houtte, Prince Arthur, and Duke of Wellington may be regarded as the most representative of their race.

## MEMORIAL TO DEAN HOLE.

The National Rose Society has determined to keep in memory its first president, the late Dean of Rochester, and an appeal has been issued with that admirable object in view. It is hoped to raise a sum of £500, and the following paragraph from this appeal sets forth the proposed scheme: "The society desires to appeal to all lovers of the Rose, of the Dean, his books, and his work for help to raise a sum of at least five hundred pounds. The sum raised it is proposed to invest in the names of trustees appointed by the National Rose Society, who, from the interest thereof, shall make awards of merit, as the occasion may arise, to such persons who, by cultural skill, research, literary work, or any other way other than by exhibits (save in exceptional circumstances), shall, in the opinion of the trustees, confirmed by the National Rose Society, have done something for the advancement of the Rose worthy of special recognition. The awards will take the form of a grant of money or a medal, and will be made irrespective of nationality." In other words, the application of the fund will not be confined to members of the National Rose Society—it will be international. The first list of subscriptions has been published, the present president, Mr. Charles E. Shea, heading it with a sum of ten guineas.

## A NEW AURICULA.

One of the most charming new flowers of the present year is an Auricula, which is appropriately called Daffodil. It was shown recently by the well-known Auricula and Carnation grower, Mr. James Douglas of Great Bookham. It is quite a self colour, the yellow colouring fresh and clear. We know few flowers which have this particular shade of yellow.

## JAPANESE GARDENS IN ENGLAND.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society a lecture was given by Mr. Hudson, gardener to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild at Gunnersbury House, on the making of Japanese gardens in England, and illustrated by a series of lantern slides by Mr. Gregory of Croydon. Mr. Rothschild has an interesting Japanese garden in his beautiful grounds surrounding Gunnersbury House, and Mr. Hudson has spent much care and thought in its preparation. The pictures not only showed the formation of one of the most beautiful spots near London, but also illustrated both the rapidity of growth, even during the first season, and the semi-tropical appearance thus created. Mr. Hudson pointed out that in the preparation of any site for a garden the soil should be of the best description and be well tilled beforehand. His object at Gunnersbury had been to provide a garden

after the Japanese style that would be at its best in August, September, and October. He had not considered it necessary to adhere to the style of garden so often seen illustrated as representing Japanese gardens, and from photographs he had seen he believed this did not represent all the phases of Japanese gardens. From the results achieved at Gunnersbury it was evident that very many Japanese plants might become popular in this country. Among the principal of the many points which were most clearly and forcibly brought out by the lecturer were that shelter should be provided, that a liberal supply of water should be secured, and that shade-loving plants, as well as those loving sunshine, should be provided for.

## A DAFFODIL BALLOT.

One of the most important horticultural shows of the year is that of Daffodils at Birmingham, and it was made especially so this year, as a novel scheme had been decided upon to ascertain the names of the most popular varieties. Fifty varieties of Daffodils were set up under numbers instead of names, and the visitors were asked to mark on the card the twelve varieties which in their opinion were the best. Two hundred and forty-two votes were recorded, with the following results: Mme. de Graaff, 157; Gloria Mundi, 142; Crown Prince, 139; Emperor, 128; C. J. Backhouse, 122; Katherine Spurrell, 121; Barri Conspicuous, 108; Glory of Leiden, 100; Ornatus, 100; Duchess of Westminster, 94; Flora Wilson, 89; Sensation, 80; Sir Watkin, 80; Mme. Plomp, 79; Titan, 77; Mrs. Langtry, 72; Palmerston, 62; Duchess of Westminster, 57; M. J. Berkeley, 55; Falstaff, 52; Golden Bell, 49; Horsfield, 48; Lilworth, 47; Beauty, 41; Autocrat, 41; Princess Mary, 41; Campenelle Jonquils, 40; Incomparabilis plenus, 38; J. B. M. Camm, 38; Stella, 38; Whitewell (seedling), 34; P. R. Barr, 34; Grand Duchess, 34; Orange Phoenix, 34; Maurice Vilmorin, 33; Semi-partitus, 29; M. de Graaf, 29; W. Golding, 22; Cynosure, 21; Nelsoni Major, 21; Frank Miles, 19; Princess Mary, 18; Portia, 18; Princess, 14; Orpheus, 14; Mary, 13; Baroness Heath, 9; Hogarth, 9; Queen Bess, 6.

## RANDOM NOTES.

*Flowers on Walls.*—With the coming of summer the wall garden will need even closer attention than in spring. Go carefully over the wall, and where the seedlings are too thick thin them out, and also restrict the growth of plants that are likely to overrun their neighbours. It is quite a mistake to suppose that flowers on a wall require little attention, and unless gentle syringing is given, early and late, where the wall is much exposed to the sun, many things will quickly collapse. Sedums, Saxifrages, Alyssum, Aubrietia, Wallflowers, and Snapdragons can generally take care of themselves, but the well-planted wall garden will contain many gems which are usually to be seen in the rock garden. Rare Violets, Erysimums, and Pinks are frequently as much at home with their roots in the chinks of a wall as in the rock garden, but they must be taken care of. The Pinks are a host in themselves in the summer months, and should be made the most of, drifts of the pretty maiden Pink (*Dianthus deltoides*) continuing to flower for many weeks. It is not so well known as it should be that the Carnation

is a beautiful wall plant, and should be so placed that its grey flower-stems can partly hang down. This is a way of growing Carnations which should commend itself to the gardener who wishes to break away from apparently set rules. Where there are cool, half-shady corners, the tufted Pansies may be planted, and such varieties as Queenie, Blue Tit, Queen of the Year, Lark, Violetta, and the dainty miniature Pansies, with flowers not much larger than a Violet, are quite at home in mossy chinks.

*Fruit-tree Caterpillars.*—In Mr. Wright's leaflet, issued by the Surrey Education Committee, a very useful note, which is seasonable just now, occurs in relation to the fruit-tree caterpillar. It is mentioned that the most destructive are those which hatch from the eggs of the winter moth, and eat the young leaves and blossoms in spring. The moths crawl up the stems in October and November, and are prevented by grease-proof paper bands tied tightly round and smeared with cart-grease and oil; this should not be applied to the bark. For destroying the caterpillar, Paris green (Blundell and Spence's), best in paste form, mixed at the rate of  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. in five gallons of water, sprayed on the trees just before the blossoms open and again after the petals

fall, is the best remedy. It should rest on the leaves like dew, not run off like rain. It is good also against the codlin moth, which deposits eggs in the blossom, and the maggots that eat the cores of apples, causing the fruit to fall prematurely. This arsenical preparation is a deadly poison, to be taken care of, and must not be used when trees are actually in flower, or it might kill bees. It does not dissolve in water, and the mixture must therefore be constantly stirred during use.

*Forget-me-nots and Cream King Pansy.*—An association of colouring worth noting may be made by planting Forget-me-nots and this Pansy alternately in the same bed, and such a bed is at the time of writing the brightest feature in the garden. The Forget-me-not is well known, but not this Pansy, which has a large flower, almost circular in shape, and of the colour of Devonshire cream, relieved with a large centre eye of deep yellow. It is also sweetly scented. The tufted Pansies are the chief charm of early summer. A border in the garden of the writer has been a mass of bloom for fully six weeks, in spite of the cold north-easterly winds, which have almost stopped the growth of plants in general.

## THE LOVE OF HOME.

BY MADAME MARY DUCLAUX.

**A**MATEURS of domestic pets are never weary of describing the human moods and ways of their *protégés*. Their remarks are interesting, and would be more so could they discard a naïve anthropomorphism which often disconcerts the student. Sometimes we wish they would put their gun on the other shoulder, so to speak. It is likely enough that there may be something of man in the animal, but it is certain sure, as the children say, that there is a lot of the animal left in man. What interests us most in the psychology of lower creatures is the dim blunt beginnings, in an imperfect consciousness, of feelings and tendencies which, since then, have made their way in the world and suffered a change

"Into something rich and strange"

in human and psychical motives and ideas.

One of these sentiments is the love of home, with its two far-reaching branches—love of art and patriotism—complex and beautiful feelings gradually evolved through groups of sensations, that become simpler and more purely physical as we recede further down that Jacob's ladder of animal life, of which the bottom rung is scarcely distinguishable from the life of plants. Choice, selection, attraction (chimiortaxy as they call it) exist in the lowest room of all, but microbes, I fancy, do not feel a preference for any given place. Spiders, however (to mount a good many steps at a bound), are wedded to their nest. M. Lécaillon, in his most interesting study of the Chiracanthiine carnifex (which we examined here some months ago in a paper on "Mutual Aid among Animals"), gives more than one example of the spider's love of home, and finds that essentially feminine sentiment confused in her with maternal love itself, so that it is difficult for the mere human outsider to say which of the two feelings provokes the development of the other. (Lécaillon, A., "Sur la Biologie et la Psychologie d'une Araignée. L'Année Psychologique, 10c. Année.") At a rough guess, the female spider appears more devoted to her nest than to her young, defends and regrets it more violently than them, and M. Giard, the great French naturalist, suggests that "l'attachement à un domicile habituel" may stand for a considerable factor in the evolution of mother-love. (Giard, A., "Les Origines de l'Amour Maternel. Bulletin de l'Année Psychologique, 5 Année, No. 1.") So deep lie the roots of the love of home.

The fishes show it at a very early stage in their development. Both in France and England of late the attention of naturalists has been much occupied by the existence of memory in fishes. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will remember some interesting experiments with a tame trout for which an account appeared in these columns last autumn, for which we were indebted to an observant amateur. In France, MM. Pellegrin, Sars, F. Guitel, and Mlle. Goldsmith have examined the question from a more strictly scientific point of view. The point is that fish remember, although they do not possess that cortical substance in the brain which physiologists associate with memory. Mlle. (or Miss?) Goldsmith appears to have proved that memory in fishes is connected with sight: "Je chasse un Gobius de sa coquille, et je place la cuvette dans l'obscurité; vingt quatre heures après je constate qu'il n'a pas retrouvé sa demeure. Dès que je laisse pénétrer le jour, il la retrouve instantanément." (Goldsmith, Mlle., "Recherches sur la Psychologie de quelques Poissons Littoraux. Bulletin de l'Année Psychologique, 5 Année, No. 1.")

The gobius is a home-loving fish. He is a small, sand-coloured person, about three-quarters of an inch in length, speckled with black. He is frequently found on the sands at Roscoff, in the pools of salt water left at low tide. Under a small shell—not his shell, but the adopted shell of a cockle or mussel—with a little sand heaped round it, the gobius dwells in peace.

Timid and sensitive, at the least hint of danger he deserts his borrowed home, burying downward in the damp sand, or swimming swiftly through the puddles of water. But he loves the home which he did not build and knew not how to evolve from his own substance. So soon as peace returns, he seeks it out again, preferring, if possible, that first-selected shell to any other. But the place is dearer to him than the house, and, if you constrain him to the choice between that very shell in another place or another mussel shell in that very place, he will accept the second alternative. He, too, remembers Argos. He knows his home, both as a locality and as a special roof and refuge; and yet he is so low in the scale of development that he cannot recognise the eggs of his own fry. In him, too, the love of home precedes the attachment to his offspring.

Birds, as we know, not only love their home, but make and adorn it. Any boy can tell us the beautiful variety of birds' nests. They are often highly decorated. Last year in COUNTRY LIFE Mr. Seton Gordon described the eyrie of a golden eagle handsomely ornamented with green pine shoots and a large india-rubber ring. Kites are fond of hanging on their nests small pieces of white linen filched from the hedges on washing days. "When kites build," says Shakespeare, "look out for lesser linen." Their decorative instinct is not always happy, perhaps, but neither is ours. I remember how once I found a Persian friend in fits of laughter before a divan in my drawing-room; it was covered with what I had always thought a remarkably handsome Eastern carpet, which was, in fact, the rough sort of sackcloth in which camel-carriers wrap the coarser sort of goods for a journey across the desert. To my Persian friend it appeared out of place in a white-panelled Paris salon. So, to us, the stay-busk erect, or the pendant india-rubber ring, which represent culture in the golden eagle's eyrie. But a collection, after all, is generally valuable chiefly in the eyes of the collector. The magpie, doubtless, has an instinct for art in the home, no less imperious than that of men we know. But he is not so beautifully inspired as the bower-bird. In the Paris museum there exists a specimen of his lovely nest with the little garden planted before it, designed as regularly as any parterre or park of Le Notre's, but executed on the primitive plan of snipping off here a flower and there a long-stemmed twig and planting them in the sand. I visited this nest with a young naturalist who had seen the nests of bower-birds in Nature, and he assured me that this sample, left high and dry in a glass case in Paris, was no more remarkable than most.

Birds appear very nearly on our level in regard to the love of home. They work to create it, are ingenious in beautifying it, and bring up their children there. But what shall we say of the social instincts of ants and bees, or even wasps? We, I fear, are not as yet upon a moral equality with those great republics, and the wise man still might bid us take heed to the ant. In most of us, as in birds and beasts and fishes, something survives of the mere physical prompting which lies forgotten at the deepest origins of sentiment—that wish to cool a fevered breast against the smooth coldness of eggs, or to relieve the fulness of the mother's bosom at the sucking lips of her young—or to repose in the warm nest while weakened by the effort of maternity. The love of offspring, the love of home in us, have something left in them yet of the natural appetite, or the mere love of ease. But the social insects have shot up far away from such humble roots of the soul. Their love of home is purely psychical, full of sacrifice and effort, independent of material ties. What Maeterlinck has called the mind of the hive is something we can scarcely conceive. A complete subordination of the individual to the commonwealth and of the present to the future. "Mine is thine," says the bee to the hive. "And thine also is thine." Only a few human congregations, generally persecuted, can show so fine a development of the love of home.



## BULLDOGS.

THERE is but little doubt that the bulldog of to-day represents a type of dog which came into existence in the days when bull-baiting was a favourite pastime among persons of the highest rank and station. None of the older writers, such as Juliana Berners, De Langley, or Dr. Caius, makes any mention of a distinct breed of bulldogs. In some of the very old prints which portray the gentle sports of bear-baiting and bull-baiting the dog is clearly of a mastiff type, and nearly all the evidence available on the subject goes to show that the name of bulldog was originally bestowed upon the small mastiffs used for attacking the bull. These dogs were carefully selected for the purpose for which they were required, and the continued breeding from those of high courage and low stature eventually created a breed of dogs possessing marked characteristics of their own and differing essentially from the original stock to which they owed their origin:

"Now bull! now dogge! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!"

The bull has the game; 'ware horns, ho!"

The Paris so vigorously encouraged in these lines was a very different type of dog from the bulldog of to-day, much more on the leg, infinitely quicker and more active, and a savage, hot-tempered brute to whom the joy of fighting was as the breath of his nostrils. The main object of the dog when loosed at the bull was to "pin and hold," which consisted in seizing the bull by the muzzle and holding on to the grip at all hazards. If this was successfully accomplished the terrible pain inflicted by the teeth and weight of the dog soon rendered the bull helpless. The bull naturally lowers his head to use his horns, and on many occasions a hole was made in the ground in which the bull



C. Reid.

THORNHILL BARNEY.

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could bury his nose, an advantage of which, according to old accounts of bull-baiting, he would at once avail himself. The object of the dog was to "ware horns" by keeping below them, and to do so it became necessary to keep his head as low as possible, some of the larger dogs being obliged to crawl on their stomach in order to do so. It was soon found that dogs of this size were at a great disadvantage, from the fact that they were unable to spring quickly and accurately from their grovelling position, and bull-baiters set to work to breed from the best of the short-legged, strong-jawed animals at their disposal. The stamp of dog which they finally arrived at, and which was actually used until the suppression of bull-baiting by Act of Parliament in the early part of the last century, was a broad-chested, powerful, and compact animal from 14in. to 18in. high, and weighing between 45lb. and 50lb.; it is from these dogs, which represented the survival of the fittest, best, and most suitable for the purpose which could be bred, that our modern bulldogs are descended.

It is probably more difficult to find perfection, from a show point of view, in a bulldog than in any other breed. Most of the points which count in judging a bulldog are to be found in the head. The skull should be flat above the temples and very large in comparison with the body; the eye should be large, full, round, and dark in colour, and none of the white of the eye should be visible when the dog is looking straight to the front; the nose should be black, of a good size, and well set back on the face, so that the distance from the tip of the nose to the "stop" between the eyes may be as short as possible. The lower jaw ought to project considerably, so that the dog may be well



C. Reid.

"PRIDE IN THEIR PORT, DEFIANCE IN THEIR EYE."

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under-hung—experts insist strongly upon this point, which is technically known as the “turn-up”; good, strong, and even teeth are a desideratum if they can be found, and many good judges are of opinion that when the jaw is closed the teeth should be entirely covered by the flews, although, in the opinion of the writer, this is not a really essential matter. “Bat” ears are altogether to be avoided, and the same may be said of “button”



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JULIA DAVIS, CHARLIE, AND THORNHILL DOCTOR.

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ears. The true bulldog ear is fine in texture, very small, and “rose” shaped, and the skin of the head should be very loose and well wrinkled. The prevalent notion that a bulldog should be bandy-legged is quite erroneous; the fore legs should be thick, muscular, and wide apart, with a slightly bowed appearance, but the actual bone of the leg should be large, flat, and straight, and there should be plenty of freedom at the elbow—round, compact feet are to be insisted upon. The hind legs of a good bulldog are longer in proportion than the fore legs, so as to elevate the loins, and they should be massive and very muscular, with the stifles so set on that the hocks are brought near enough to each other to cause the hind feet to turn outwards. The power and weight of a bulldog are principally in his forehead, the chest wide, full, and deep, and the neck short, thick, and very strong, with plenty of thick, loose skin, forming a dewlap on each side from the lower jaw to the chest.

The weak point about a fashionably-bred bulldog is his constitution, and he is very far removed from being the strong, healthy animal which his sturdy appearance would lead one to imagine. He cannot stand heat, cold and wet entirely disagree with him, and draughts are fatal to his well-being. His kennel must be well made, well planned, and should be so arranged that the inside may not be subject to extreme changes of temperature. Bull bitches do not make good mothers, and the greatest care is necessary with the puppies, which should be left about six weeks with their own or their foster-mother. A fortnight before they are weaned it is advisable to accustom them to take some light and easily-digested nourishment in addition to their milk, such as one of the many preparations sold for babies' food. Once weaned, they should be provided with plenty of bone-forming diet; if oatmeal is used it must be thoroughly cooked and mixed with a little milk; stale bread soaked in good gravy, with occasionally a little finely-shredded raw meat, varied sometimes with good puppy-meal and gravy, will furnish excellent meals for the youngsters, and a little bone-meal occasionally added to the food will materially assist in the development of bone.

Large meals should never be given to puppies; they should be fed frequently, and when first weaned six or eight times a day is not too often. Good food, warmth, with plenty of air, and, as they increase in strength, all the freedom and opportunity for exercise which can possibly be given, will go a very long way towards the rearing of strong and healthy bulldogs.

Advice on the all-important question of breeding would savour of impertinence if offered to experts who have studied the subject in all its branches, but it may not be out of place to point out to novices at the game that a golden rule is to adhere as much as possible to strains of blood which are well known and proved, such as the King Orry, the Stockwell, the Donan, the Aston Lion, the Bedgebury Lion, and the Donax. Another important point is to note with an impartial eye the weak points in the bitch, however well-bred she may be, from whom it is proposed to breed, and to endeavour to correct them by judicious mating with a dog who, both in himself and in his family, is strong in the particular points in which she fails. For instance, if the bitch be deficient as regards her head, or has badly-shaped and wrongly-

set-on ears, it would be advisable to select a dog with plenty of the King Orry blood in his veins, this strain being famous for their good ears and well-proportioned heads.

The illustrations which accompany this article were taken in the excellent kennels which belong to Mr. W. Shearer Clark, and they comprise his Thornhill Barney, under eighteen months old, the winner of the first and special at Kilmarnock and third at Ayr; Julia Davis, who took two specials and a second at Edinburgh, and a second at Falkirk; Thornhill Nina (a grand-daughter of the celebrated Rodney Stone, who was sold for £1,000), who has been shown twice, and took the first and special at Ayr, and the second and special at Falkirk; and Thornhill Doctor, eighteen months old. This beautiful youngster was second at the Crystal Palace when under one year old, and also took two cups, of 13 guineas and 15 guineas value respectively, at the same show, a first and the



C. Reid.

THORNHILL HECTOR, DOCTOR, AND POLLY.

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gold medal at Edinburgh, and first and the cup at Falkirk. It is hardly possible to conclude any notice on bulldogs without pointing out that in spite of their ferocious appearance they are most amiable, affectionate, and reliable as companions, especially where children are concerned. In fact, the bulldog is a greatly misrepresented animal, and is in every way fitted to be a ladies' pet.



## REARING &amp; SHOOTING WILD DUCKS.



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LAKE AT BESTHORPE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

CAPTAIN OATES' excellent little book, "Wild Ducks: How to Rear and Shoot Them" (Longmans, Green, and Co.), will be found both interesting and useful to shooting men. It is condensed, and highly practical. But it is charmingly illustrated, four of the photogravures, from drawings by Mr. G. E. Lodge, being of the very highest quality for truth and correct feeling in regard to sport, natural history, and the sentiment of the scene, while in its brief compass of eighty pages nothing seems to be omitted which is needed in a practical guide to the subjects dealt with.

The author treats of the rearing and preservation of wild ducks, *i.e.*, with the means of promoting their increase, both naturally and artificially, on what may be termed the average or "middle" shooting estate. Hitherto this form of information has been difficult to come by. There has been no thoroughly practical collection of information on the rearing and management of wild ducks other than the accounts which have been written of how this is done on a very large scale at Tring and Netherby, or the very brief directions printed by game-farmers for the benefit of those who buy eggs from them.

Before considering in detail what the author says, it is perhaps as well to mention what he omits from his own pages—that the scene of his experience is a property near Newark, where there is a fine piece of water about a mile long,

thickly fringed with reeds, and that on the adjacent ground is an excellent partridge shoot. What the writer has to say will therefore appeal very directly to owners of inland waters, situated on low-ground shooting of the usual kind. It suggests and shows how they can improve their shooting, and give it variety, and this at very little expense. It has always been maintained in COUNTRY LIFE that a given area of water ought to contribute as many or more head to the annual bag on an estate as the same acreage of coverts, and at less cost. Let us see how this can be done.

The author's ideas as to management in the rearing season correspond very closely with the conclusions arrived at where the numbers are much larger, as at Tring and Netherby, except that he uses the ducks to sit as well as hens. Under a hen, preferably a buff Orpington, he sets twelve ducks' eggs, the same number as at Netherby. At Tring each hen has thirteen. A wild duck can cover more—sixteen eggs are allotted to her, but

when these are hatched she cannot cover all the ducklings, and some must be transferred to hens. The "dual system," *i.e.*, with both ducks and hens rearing ducklings at the same time, entails more thought. But there is no doubt that the ducks teach their young ones how to live like wild birds very usefully later. Captain Coape Oates is not quite so optimistic as to the chances of rearing as are those who have been for so many years in charge of the work at Tring.



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THE WATER-PAN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

There they expect to hatch about 90 per cent. Captain Oates thinks 80 per cent. about an average, and that of these 85 per cent. will grow up. In any case it is a good result. He does not commence with chapters on rearing, but very usefully assumes a case where the whole business of stocking has to begin from the beginning, assuming that the owner will like to rear from eggs laid at home. It would, of course, be open to him to buy the eggs straight from farms; but it is best to have first a stock of old birds who know the ground and the water. Birds bought from different estates ensure a mixture of blood later. These can be put on small pieces of water, or in small pens, enclosing a portion of land and water, in the proportion of three ducks to one drake; but on larger waters the proportion should not be less than twenty ducks to fifteen drakes. Wild drakes will take up with the unmated ducks (for wild ducks are monogamous). For the successful establishment of a natural breed of wild ducks, he deems it far better to have a good piece of water as well as a stream. The birds live in natural conditions, and get more natural food. He does not mention another point. All through the autumn and winter they go on

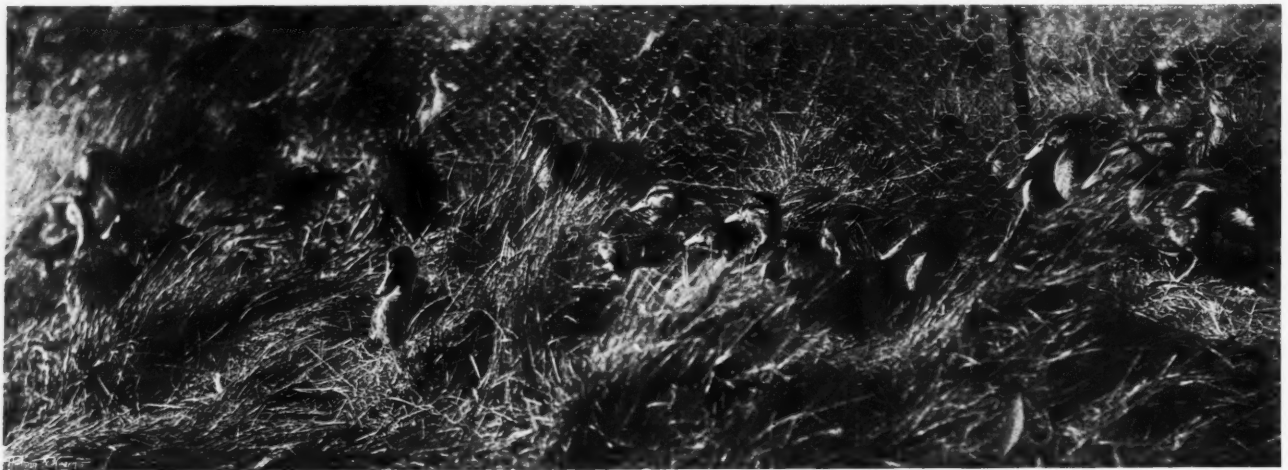


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A BIG BROOD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

arrivals, week in and week out, in the winter. On the other hand, they are far more difficult to shoot from a lake, as a rule. The ducks will lay at any time from the end of February to



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WILD DUCKLINGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

attracting wild birds passing over, if they have a large pond, or lake, or preserved river to haunt by day. The ducks on the Tring reservoirs must be supplemented by more than a thousand such

the end of March, and the author has found that they can be induced to nest where they are fairly safe. One plan is to make stick heaps round the trunks of trees near their haunts. "If you

have any large trees in your paddock, place a number of sticks up against the trees in a circle, leaving one or two clear spaces inside the heap. Then make some circular holes, one in each of the spaces, about 5in. or 6in. deep, and shelving gradually from rim to centre. It is best to scatter some sand in these holes, so that the birds can work the nests to the dimensions suited to them. Do not make the nests too small or too shallow, as they may have to contain fourteen or fifteen eggs. It is advisable to put some short dry grass or old hay near the nest, and a very little in it, so that the duck can manipulate it at her pleasure." The stick heap should be well sheltered with cut broom, the great object being to keep out draughts. This year six wild ducks came and laid their eggs in nests so made for them under cover of a mass of broom 9ft. by 8ft., and all hatched successfully. Straw stacks or old outhouses and sheds are beloved of wild ducks. But before letting them nest "outside" in this promiscuous way, all vermin, and especially that arch-enemy of ducklings and ducks' eggs, the rat, must be trapped. In the hole of one doe rat thirteen ducks' eggs were found.



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COOPS IN NETTED RUN.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



The chapters on setting and rearing contain evidence of much experience, and many useful hints which that alone gives. They should be carefully read. The plan of letting the duck have a bath near her nest, after using which she is not only more comfortable, but imparts a steamy heat to the eggs, is new. For two facts quoted corroborative evidence can be given. An old duck was seen flying away with an egg in her beak. The author surmises that this egg was cracked, and therefore instantly removed. At Tring, where, by Lord Rothschild's kind permission, the present reviewer was looking at the wild and tame ducks nesting two years ago, a pochard, one of whose eggs was cracked accidentally just after she was put off the nest, returned in a few minutes, and instantly flew off with the damaged egg (nearly hatched) and dropped it in the reservoir. The useful fact that eggs partly incubated will hatch after being allowed to get stone cold is noted. The same occurred lately in the Isle of Wight, where a clutch was hatched in a week under a hen after being cold for twenty-four hours.

For methods of shooting and later care the reader must



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FEEDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The author finds that, on an average, he can account for all but fifteen of the 250 birds reared. The photographs of some of the broods of this year, taken last week expressly for COUNTRY LIFE,

will show how healthy and vigorous the birds reared under this system are. They were as active as eels, and extremely wild, as can be guessed from their attitudes. A point not to be lost sight of is that duck-rearing does not necessarily need a large estate for it to be carried out. The man who possesses only a small piece of water can rear ducks on a scale suitable to his means. Indeed, so true is this that we know of a small farmer who has a secluded pond on a holding far removed from the busy haunts of men, who some years ago discovered wild-duck-rearing to be quite a profitable subsidiary form of income. A pair happened to breed one year with his tame ducks, and by feeding he kept them on the ground till August, when he sent them to market in the usual way. The year after more came, and he encouraged them not only in the breeding season, but all through the year, feeding them judiciously throughout the winter and doing his

killing in a quiet way, so as not to alarm the survivors. We quote the instance to show that what was done for profit could as easily be accomplished for sport. C. J. C.



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A GENERAL SCUTTLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

consult the book. But some interesting pages on the cost (54-58) should be read carefully. Captain Oates thinks that, "provided a man feeds and looks after his ducks himself, is in possession of a supply of coops and runs, and is fortunate enough to have a suitable piece of water of his own, as well as some ground to rear them on, he can make his accounts balance at the end of the year." Very few people would care to take over the personal attention needed by the broods in the first three months. But supposing that the part of the keeper's time devoted to them is debited against the account, the figures given are satisfactory. Rearing costs about 1s. 3d. per bird for 250 birds, and these, if shot early, will sell for 2s. each, though, of course, not all would be shot, or all that are shot be picked up. The whole statement will repay careful reading, but the gross debit for 250 young birds works out as follows:

|   | £  | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|----|
| Food for ducklings ... ..                       | 16 | 0  | 0  |
| Food for old birds ... ..                       | 4  | 13 | 0  |
| Extra food (just before shooting season) ... .. | 0  | 15 | 0  |
| Expenses for sitting hens ... ..                | 1  | 0  | 0  |

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THE CAGE FOR CATCHING WILD BIRDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

## HERON COURT AND THE MALMESBURYS.

BY THE EARL OF MALMESBURY.

**B**EFORE attempting to give some account of the life and personal character of the second Lord Malmesbury, I must ask the reader to note a somewhat interesting comment upon the shooting journals by the late Lord Beaconsfield. In the introduction to his autobiography my great-uncle, the third earl, best known as the author of "Memoirs of an ex-Minister," alludes to the fact that he had shown his father's shooting journals to Lord Beaconsfield, who was apparently so much struck with them that he declared them to be "the most extraordinary example of patience and a sturdy character he ever saw."

The author of these journals was born at St. Petersburg on August 19th, 1778, and was the eldest child of James, first earl, who was at this time British Minister at the Court of Catharine II., the great Empress of Russia. On his father's side, the second Lord Malmesbury was descended from an old Wiltshire family which is found settled in that county in the early years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The Harrises belonged to the

class of old English country families whose members spent by far the larger portion of their time in those pursuits and interests which were to be found near their homes.

My great-grandfather, when he was about four or five years old, was sent to England and consigned to the care of his aunt, to whom he was ever afterwards attached by the strongest ties of affection. The climate of Russia, with its unhealthy extremes and changes, had compelled this separation from his parents, but in 1786 we find him with them once more, this time at The Hague. He, however, remained with his parents only for a very short time, as, a few months later, he was placed at a private school in England, kept by a clergyman of the name of Raikes. His life at this school appears, as in the case of most other boys of his generation, to have been not particularly happy; for bad feeding and repeated birchings seem to have formed no inconsiderable part of the curriculum.

In the spring of 1790 he was removed to Eton, which he left in the summer of 1795, having reached the sixth form, and at the same time was entered as a member of Christ Church, Oxford, though he did not go there until January of the following year, 1796, passing the interval with his parents in Hampshire. His Oxford days were passed happily, though he does not himself put them in the same category with those spent at Eton; for, writing six years before his death, he says: "I look back to Oxford with pleasure, but not of that glowing character with which I trace again the Eton portion of life's pilgrimage."

After leaving Oxford the Hon. James Edward Harris, by which name he was then known, spent the nine or ten months immediately following in England, chiefly paying visits at the various houses of his and his father's old friends. In the spring of the following year my great-grandfather started on a prolonged tour abroad, remaining on the Continent for about eighteen months. During his stay abroad he was most hospitably entertained by many of the best-known foreigners of the day who had been intimate friends of his father, amongst whom may be mentioned Prince Esterhazy, at whose magnificent estate he took part in more than one great *chasse*.

He was essentially a sportsman of the highest and most manly type, and at no time was he so happy as when in the pursuit of wild game, whether a boar-hunt among the mighty forests near Vienna, or following snipe alone with his gun over the peaceful meadows and reedy swamps of his own home. It was about this time that he commenced to keep with that striking precision and marvellous exactitude the shooting journals. The first record of his bags is a brief summary of the game killed by him in September, 1795, roughly made on a sheet of paper in the handwriting of a youth developing into the early years of manhood; but after 1798 the more perfect system of observation and methodical entry of every shot fired, killed, and missed, is commenced, which, added to



W. A. J. Henster.

IN HERON COURT WOODS.

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his insight and profound knowledge of natural history, animal and plant life included, compels us to acknowledge the truth of the dictum that the real sportsman, after all, is not he who only seeks the life of those harmless denizens of moor, field, or marsh, nor even he who can with the utmost proficiency pick off one by one the well-fed pheasants as they rise to meet the gun from an overstocked covert, but the man who lives with Nature, who loves Nature, and to whose heart the whole realm of Nature speaks.

Before he had completed his twenty-eighth year, my great-grandfather married in June, 1806, Harriet, daughter of Mr. Francis Bateman Dashwood, of Well Vale, in the county of Lincoln, whose early death nine years later, at the age of thirty-two, left him inconsolable; and until his own decease in 1841, "not a plant in her garden"—to quote his son's allusion to the loss of his mother—"nor a trinket in her boudoir was ever moved or changed." From the time of his marriage to the very end of his life, Heron Court became his home.

I well recollect my great-uncle, the ex-Minister, then an old man and very feeble, pointing out to me with a humorous smile a small tank at the back of one of the conservatories there, over which, as he said, when small boys, "Edward, your grandfather, and I dangled your great-uncle Charles, head downwards, because we thought he was more kindly treated by our father than we were."

Upon succeeding to the family estates, my great-grandfather at once proceeded in the most thorough and business-like manner to put his affairs in order; for although his father, the first earl, had inherited substantial fortunes from both father and mother, as well as from other near relatives, his liberal hospitality and open-handed generosity, as well as personal extravagance in his various diplomatic missions, had somewhat tended to embarrass his son. Notwithstanding this, however, the second Lord Malmesbury, by a rigid self-denial, was enabled to spend very considerable sums annually upon the improvement and maintenance of his property.

It must not be supposed that the quiet life of retirement which he had imposed upon himself in any way tended to make him a complete recluse, or even unsociable in his habits. He was a wide reader of every kind of literature, a deep thinker, and thoroughly shrewd and sound in his judgment. He came to London year by year, and from time to time took part in the debates of the House of Lords. He appears always to have been listened to, and his opinions were treated with respect.

In May, 1825, he spoke in opposition to the Canadian Corn Bill; his opposition was based upon a fear that in reality corn brought from the United States would be sold in England under pretence that it had been grown in one of our own colonies. On May 11th of the following year (1826) Lord Malmesbury moved in the House of Lords a resolution to this end: "That it is inexpedient to alter or suspend the Corn Laws without previous enquiry into the necessity and probable effect of such a measure."

Lord Malmesbury was a true type of the thorough-going Tory, and so long as he lived so long he resisted, as far as any one individual can, all attempts to alter those laws which then



W. A. J. Hensler.

## ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST.

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governed the importation of corn into this country. He did not live to see the General Repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, but he was a member of the House of Lords when the great movement in favour of Electoral Reform threatened the internal peace of this country, and when popular indignation was turned against the Peers.

In June, 1832, the famous Reform Bill of that date came before the House of Lords for its third reading. The history of this great question is far too well known to need any recapitulation on my part. The Peers, after a dogged resistance, had been informed that they *must* pass the measure, and that, if they refused, their very safety would be at stake. On June 4th, 1832, the House divided on the third reading, when there were:

|                       |     |     |     |     |     |     |
|-----------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| For the Bill          | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 106 |
| Against               | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 22  |
|                       |     |     |     |     |     | —   |
| Majority for the Bill |     |     |     |     |     | 84  |

Lord Malmesbury has described the change brought about by this Act in no veiled terms. His hostility to it had been unbending, and to the last he gave his vote against it, and my great-grandfather's name is to be found amongst those pertinacious

twenty-two members of the Hereditary Chamber who would neither be led nor persuaded.

Formally launched into the world of politics in 1801 by being appointed private secretary to Lord Pelham, who then presided over the Home Department, during part of Addington's feeble administration, my great-grandfather had a varied political career. He had, by his father's advancement to an earldom, now become Lord Fitzharris, a courtesy title which he bore for twenty years, and under which designation he entered the House of Commons for the first time, sitting for Helstone in 1802. There are few—very few young men, at all events—who have commenced their political career under the same happy and auspicious circumstances as James Edward, second Lord Malmesbury. As the eldest son of a distinguished father, statesmen (not the least of whom was the great William Pitt himself) sought him out, and eagerly and warmly welcomed the heir to an honourable name into their midst; but his tastes were elsewhere, and neither the chidings of an affectionate father nor the encouragement of those whose names have since become famous in the annals of this country could arouse his ambitions. "Where," plaintively writes Canning in a letter to the first Lord Malmesbury, dated December 4th, 1802, "is Fitzharris? I have made some attempts to get him to dine here, with good men and true, but have had for answer, that he is not in town!" Lord Fitzharris was, on the date in question, calmly shooting with Lord Bath at Longleat.

In 1804 Pitt returned to office for the last time, and appointed the son of his old friend and faithful follower to the Treasury, a post which he held until the death of England's greatest Prime Minister necessitated a dissolution of the Government which he led. My great-grandfather, like his father, was one of Pitt's most ardent admirers, and has left a long description of him in a MS. note-book now at Heron Court.

At the beginning of 1806, when by the death of William Pitt the reins of government came into the hands of that most extraordinary political assortment known as the "All the Talents Ministry," Lord Fitzharris left the Treasury. That Ministry comprised men of diverse political convictions, and Fox and Addington—now Lord Sidmouth—not to mention the leader,

hesitate between the two, and accordingly selected the possibly more honourable, though certainly more arduous, post in the department for Foreign Affairs, then presided over by George Canning. He soon, however, found himself out of sympathy



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HERON COURT.

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with the ties and responsibilities of office, and, notwithstanding many protests from his father, decided to relinquish the burdens attached to the routine of official work. He at this time represented Heytesbury in the House of Commons. On his retirement from office the Governorship of the Isle of Wight was conferred upon him, his father being at the same time appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire. After this he ceased to take a very active part in public affairs, and gave himself up entirely to sport, literature, and the management of his father's property. In 1816 he came into Parliament again as member for Wilton, for which place he continued to sit in the Lower House until his father's death on November 21st, 1820, transferred him to the House of Lords.

Compared with his brilliant and attractive father, the first earl, James Edward, second Lord Malmesbury, must appear a strange contrast. The father, by his natural charm of manner, won friendship and admiration on all sides. The son, cold, reserved, and even stern in his habits, yet possessing the warmest sympathy for all those in trouble or poverty, was from his earliest youth absolutely indifferent to the praise or censure of others outside the circle of his own family. Had it not been for an almost blind devotion to his father, in all probability he would never have made the slightest attempt to enter public life.

The latter part of Lord Malmesbury's life was a lonely one, and, unfortunately for himself, the older he grew the more he avoided the necessity for making new friends. He stands eclipsed, as it were, between an illustrious father and a son who achieved no small fame as a Cabinet Minister and man of letters. His own powers, however, must have been considerable, for besides his shooting journals he kept a most interesting and valuable series of records dealing with the history and management of his estates, as well as a continuous and elaborate set of account books recording every item of expenditure and profit.

My great-grandfather's health began to fail some eight months before his death. He had, as he himself puts

it, never been confined to his bed by accident or sickness one day, and not thirty days to the house by either "one or the other during forty seasons of sport." But towards the end of January, 1841, he contracted a severe chill, from the effects of



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THE TWO HERONS.

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Lord Grenville, were amongst its members. When the Portland Ministry was formed in 1807, the Duke gave Lord Fitzharris the choice of a seat at the Treasury or the Under-Secretaryship at the Foreign Office. He did not for an instant



which he never recovered, and, after a lingering illness, expired on September 10th at Lord de Grey's villa at Putney, which he had taken for the summer, having just completed his sixty-third year.

His remains were interred beside those of his wife in the family vault beneath the chancel of the Priory Church of Christchurch, Hants.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

AMONG the women in history who have cast an ineffable charm over mankind a very high place must be given to Mary Queen of Scots, even by the few who have remained outside her fascination, and who do not feel in her personality that influence exercised by Cleopatra, or by the beauty of Helen of Troy. But apart from all questions of like or dislike, of assertion or controversy, there are few records more pitiful than that of Mary, and anyone who knows Scotland well cannot but think of her in connection with the places, mostly in pathetic ruins, which are associated with her memory.

Obviously, however, all this could not occur in the retinue of a child of five, and if Mr. Millar is right, then another fond illusion has been dissipated. Of Mary's subsequent life in France, more authentic particulars are forthcoming, and indeed no document can be quite so evident as the lovely portrait of "Mary Stuart as a girl," which serves as frontispiece to the volume. There we have a typical Scottish face, mouth, and eyes and brow, each and all, though sweet with the purity of girlhood, yet showing the potentialities of passions which later on were to be developed. Mr. Millar has not been blind to the tender romance of that period of Mary's life, as the following quotation will show:

"Her free and affable manner, inherited from her father and developed by her mother, when combined with the grace of her person and the elegance of her attire, might well charm every beholder. 'The young Queen,' wrote one who saw her, 'was at that time one of the most perfect creatures that the God of Nature ever formed, for that her equal was nowhere to be found, nor had the world another child of her fortune and hope.' And as she trod the rudely-paved street of Morlaix the people might well throng to gaze upon this wondrous child, who had come from her northern kingdom to wed the heir-apparent of the French throne."



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## GREEN AND GOLD.

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Linlithgow stands a fair palace still, though the town by which it is surrounded is probably the most squalid in Scotland. Mr. A. H. Millar, in his new monograph, *Mary Queen of Scots: Her Life Story* (Brown, Edinburgh), holds that she left the Priory of Inchmahome, on the shores of the Lake of Menteith, about the age of five. If so, the fact proves how curiously legend grows out of nothing, for they still show the visitor to that lonely island of ruins, the garden which was said to be hers, the box trees she is supposed to have planted, and the walks that were hallowed by her feet. Moreover, some old balladist has found in her life the inspiration for some of the most pathetic lines in ballad poetry:

"Last night the Queen had four Maries,  
To-night she'll hae but three,  
There was Mary Beaton and Mary Seaton,  
And Mary Carmichael and me."

But perhaps feeling touches its highest point in another verse of that famous poem, where the unfortunate maiden, in an outburst of sadness that still is natural and unexaggerated, cries:

"Oh, little did my Minnie think  
That day she cradled me,  
Of the lands I was to travel in,  
Or the death I was to dee."

What sort of life Mary led at the gay Court of France is a question well worth considering. It is said that a certain amount of outward strictness was observed, but we can scarcely believe that this could have been so, and probably there she imbibed some broad and free opinions which allowed many things to become easier to her afterwards that would not have commended themselves to one who had been more strictly brought up. The only satisfaction with which we look back upon this part of her life is that it was one that probably yielded more enjoyment than any other in her career; for no one can wonder at the troubles which awaited her in Scotland. It was a country that—to divest it of the idea that is usually attached to it—was in a very backward state of civilisation, and the turbulent Scottish nobles had never looked upon even the strongest King as more than one of themselves. There was manifest absurdity, therefore, in the idea of their coming under the government of the young and frail woman. Mary seems to have left France with some misgivings, and well might have sung the words put into her mouth by De Querlon:

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France!  
O ma patrie,  
La plus chérie,  
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance."

She must have felt the violent contrast between the Scotland at which she arrived and the France which she had left; and it was

the more marked because Lord James Stuart had made no preparations for her coming. On the other hand, the people of Edinburgh, heedless of their rulers, turned out in a body to greet their young Queen with robustious merriment. Indeed, so hearty, and at the same time so rough, was the welcome that it must have been somewhat difficult to ascertain its proper character. Those, whom John Knox described as "a company of most honest men, who, with instruments of music and musicians, gave their salutations at her chalmers windo," Brantôme looked at with different eyes, for he thus describes the incident:

"There came under her window five or six hundred ragamuffins of that town, who gave her a concert of the vilest fiddles and little rebecs, which are as bad as they can be in that country, and accompanied them with singing of psalms, but so wretchedly out of tune that nothing could be worse. Ah! what melody it was! What a lullaby for the night!"

Such was Mary's first night in Holyrood, and it was an introduction to a very stormy period. We have to remember that in addition to the political movements that were seething in Scotland, religious bigotry was running strong on both sides, so that it was almost impossible that Mary could do other than come into conflict with some of her people, and her own tastes were not for the council-room, but for the boudoir and the hunting-field; all matters of venery were understood by her, and her taste in music led to David Riccio's favouritism. We gather something of her from the following notice of Riccio in an official document:

"He was so good a musician that the Queen caused him to assist always at the Mass at her Palace; and as since her return she had wished to have a complete musical band—for she took great delight in singing and the sound of the viol—she required her uncle, the Marquis d'Elboeuf, to ask the Conte di Moretta to relinquish his secretary, David, and leave him in Scotland. She made him Groom of the Chamber, and finally her own secretary, having been recommended by her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, to take him in that capacity, because his dwarfish and deformed person would disarm scandal."

Her marriage with Darnley, and the murder of Riccio, form as tragic a chapter as is to be found in the history of Royalty. Few pictures are more horrible to contemplate than that of Queen Mary locked in the drunken embrace of her husband while the savage Ruthven and George Douglas complete the work of murder.

"Ah! poor Dauvit, my faithful servant," she cried. "May the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

And now begins a still darker page in her career. The best of her apologists have little to say in her favour, and on the

so-called "ravishing" of the Queen by Bothwell even Mr. Andrew Lang, one of her most devoted admirers, writes:

"The natural inference is that she, like many other women, was not proof against the charms of Bothwell, who, moreover, had practically saved her after Riccio's murder. No man can record this opinion without regret. Charm, courage, kindness, loyalty to friends and servants—all were Mary's. But she fell; and passion overcame her, who to other hostile influences presented a heart of diamond."

So in this wise the erstwhile innocent girl passes into the woman stained by sad and tragic experience. Those who love her most will be the least likely to excuse her shortcomings any further than by stating the oft-quoted text, "To them that loveth much, much shall be forgiven." It was the epitaph that Malory wrote for another erring woman, who still has come down the ages full of error, but always forgiven—Guinevere: "She had a good death because she loveth much." The end that came at Fotheringay could not be called a good death, yet it must be admitted that the only offence of which Mary was really guilty was that "She loveth too much."

## FROM THE FARMS.

THE PAST MONTH ON THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

**W**HAT an extraordinary climate we have in England—as versatile as "ladies' fashion"! The first fortnight of May was really beautiful, allowing the "flitting" to be carried out under very pleasant conditions. Then, the "weather-god," repenting of her clemency, shifted the wind into the north, and frosty nights marked the month's third week, while Cheviot received a white cap. The wind in the fourth week, however, shifted into the south, and warm rains and hot sun helped to atone for the previous week's frosts and icy blasts. On the whole, Border farmers have not much to be dissatisfied with in the present state of their crops. The fine weather in early May gave corn crops a good start, and allowed turnip land to be well worked. Although the cold winds and lack of rain rather "hung" the corn on strong land, the last week's fine weather and warm rains repaired the damage. Farmers are hard at work putting in their turnips, the most important crop on Border farms. All other crops practically depend on it. Some fields of swedes are "rowed" and looking well. Mangold is not extensively grown on the Borders, but all that will be required for the spring of next year are sown, though in few cases up yet. The price of mutton still remains good, and beef has taken a turn







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IN COUNTY WICKLOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

for the better in the last week or two. Farm sales have ruled unusually high on the Borders this year, keeping stock going to exceptionally high prices. The lamb crop on the Cheviots is a good deal below the average—a great shortage of twins being the general complaint. Some farmers have suffered from lambs dying of that most dreaded of diseases "grass ill." This complaint in many cases is caused by the lambs eating wool off their mothers, which sets up inflammation in their stomachs. May has been called the most beautiful month of the year, and certainly one agrees when strolling in the country on a fine evening. The hedges, white with may, are filled with joyful songsters, who, sitting close to patient spouses, give vent to their feelings in rapturous bursts of melody. The elm, beech, and oak are now out, while a few more warm days will allow the ash to assume his summer clothes. Wild hyacinths, primroses, bluebells, and numerous ferns grace our woods, and in the distance can be heard that tireless, mysterious bird, the cuckoo, whose strange "double note" tells us June is not far distant. On the moors beneath the highest peaks of the Cheviots wild life is very active. The "whaup," as the curlew is called on the Borders, and the golden plover rise from their nests in the marshy ground or heather clumps—circling overhead and uttering their slightly pathetic but extremely pretty "nest call." The peewit also nest in large quantities on these high moors, free from the brutal persecution they are subjected to in the low country. Out of a tuft of grass a snipe rises, and inside its shelter are four dark brown eggs, enormous for so small a bird. Young grouse under the careful training of their mother are getting fat on young heather and bilberry leaves, to gladden the sportsman's heart on the "glorious Twelfth." Fox cubs are playing at the earth's mouth, their mother away, picking up a dead lamb according to fox-hunters, or killing a lamb according to the non-hunter. What a vexed question it is! Personally, I think each party should give way a little, as a lame fox will take a live lamb, and a vixen if hard pressed for food will rather commit that crime than see her cubs starve. A case of the latter was printed in a most trustworthy paper the other day, when three lambs were found in an earth in Cumberland. A case of the former recently came to my notice. A suspected fox with a trap on its leg was killed, and several pieces of lambs' pelts were found inside it.

A. STANLEY.

## PURE-BRED STOCK.

Very noticeable has been the improvement of stock in the last twenty years in the South-West of England. Farmers do not farm high, as arable farming is understood in the Midlands

and Southern Scotland, but it is fast becoming the rule and not the exception in some districts to keep nothing but pedigree dairies and flocks, in one instance Devon cattle and Dorset-horn sheep. In regard to the last-named 150 flocks are now registered, with a total of 65,000 pure-bred sheep scattered over all parts of the West Country, and as far east as the Isle of Wight. This hardy, early-lambing breed—lambs are mostly dropped before the new year—has been for some years in great request among American buyers, and now rams are being used in New Zealand with Merino ewes to produce a type of which great things are expected in the Antipodes.

## THE JUNE OUTLOOK.

As we write these notes it is raining, and than rain nothing could be more welcome to the British farmer at the present moment. On Saturday last the writer visited a Down farm, and while he was yet at some distance he wondered what certain white objects were on the pasture. They turned out to be roots. So greatly has the scarcity of rain been felt, that although this is in average years a pasture of uncommon excellence, and not one to give in readily to drought, yet this year there is hardly a bite of food for the sheep on it, and feeding has had to be resorted to. The dairymen are in as bad straits as the flock-masters. What grass there is is of excellent quality, but there is so little of it that the flow of milk, which ought now to be at its maximum, has scarcely come at all. Such rains as have fallen have been local, and there are many large patches of land which have received little or none at all for several weeks, while the rainfall for the whole of the spring has been much below the normal. Added to this, the weather has been anything but good for growing purposes. The intense heat experienced during the last days of May alternated with bitterly cold nights and blighting winds. The result is that apples, gooseberries, and other fruit have been seriously checked, so that an average crop this year is impossible. Growing cereals are both short and patchy, with the exception in some districts of winter-sown wheat. Some recovery may be made if June prove a wet month, but even then a full return can hardly be expected. About this time of year hay-cutting usually commences in the South of England, but we have very seldom seen crops of hay so poor and thin as they are this year, in both the North and the South. The cold seems to have retarded all the best clovers and grasses, and there is little room for hoping that things will improve later on. On the other hand, England in spring never was more lovely in appearance than it is now.

The hawthorn has broken into great sheets of flower, solitary trees standing like white pillars, and the hedges of great hawthorns being spread all over with the beautiful bloom. The laburnum, too, has hung out its pendulous blossoms, and on the ground all the spring flowers seem flourishing together. Cowslips are out in the meadows, the primroses are still lingering in the woods, while in places the bluebells are forming fields of azure under the trees, and the forget-me-nots, the speedwell, violets, and a million other little florets have appeared, and are beautifying the earth.

## THE GARDENS OF ITALY.

MR. LATHAM is to be congratulated on his splendid series of photographs of "The Gardens of Italy" (Country Life Library). They form the most complete set of Italian views issued since Falda's memorable work; but Falda's engravings fail to convey the least idea of the quality of these splendidly artificial designs, whereas in Mr. Latham's photographs one can almost feel the very rustle of the leaves. These views will also correct, as they were meant to do, a widespread misconception of the Italian

heroic manipulations of Nature. The very same reasons make it absurd to attempt these things in England. We have no headway of water in England rushing down rocks a thousand feet high, no natural terraces of rock looking across such landscapes as the Campagna, no stone pines such as those that encircle the Corso of the Villa Borghese at Rome. Dives himself could not obtain the quality of the Villa d'Este, the silhouettes of those tall cypresses cutting the sweeping lines of the mountains and setting back in fairy distance some little town perched high upon its rock. There is a fine yew alley at Melbourne in Derbyshire, but what is this to that avenue of cypresses at the Villa Mondragone, with its sombre plumes above, and its bare stems leaning over as if to reach each other with their sinewy arms. These things are not for England, and it is wiser to keep within the limits of our own traditions and to aim at the quiet beauty which has always lain within our reach.

In this superb instinct for effect and sense of vast size, Italian garden design is at its best. But, great and splendid though it was in the later Renaissance, its weakness is not less obvious. Nearly always there is a touch of egotism about these gardens. The noble owner and his designer are too much in evidence. The backgrounds of cypress are incessantly broken up with images; antiques positively thrust themselves upon you at



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LOOKING ON TO FLORENCE, VILLA PALMIERI.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

garden, and what its place has been in the history of design. I think it was Cicero who once complacently remarked "*Hortos magnificentissimos ædificavi*," and this must have been the ideal continually present to the mind of these lordly Cardinals in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A garden as it was understood in France or England was the last thing that they had in view. French and English designers never lost sight of the fact that their best effects were to be obtained by grass, foliage, flowers, and trees, however much they might subordinate them to ordered design. But the magnificent Italian did not condescend to such minor matters. He carried his architecture into the garden with a vengeance, for the garden with him was simply architecture on the largest scale that it was possible to compass. Such an ideal may seem unnatural to those who live in countries where Nature answers readily to any impulse from the hand of man; but the conditions of Italy, or rather of the central part of Italy, are quite different. Nature there is itself monumental. The lines of the landscapes fall into classical compositions; the rocks and waterfalls, the very trees themselves, the cypress, ilex, and pine, take on an architectural character. Moreover, the tradition of the Italian, his love of theatrical display on the one hand, and on the other his ingrained ambition for enormous size, made it inevitable that he should attempt these

every step; and, though the worst designer living could not wholly deprive water of its attractiveness, the Italians sometimes got very near it by torturing their stonework into all sorts of uncouth, and even childish, shapes. The artistic value of reticence and self-suppression did not appeal to the Italian; he was determined, at all costs, to make his mark. If he could not do it in stone, he did it in plaster. At the Villa d'Este, for example, all the garden architecture, even the fountains, are in stucco, and their deplorable condition at the present day is one of the most disappointing features of this magnificent garden.

In the Villa Albani at Rome, the Cardinal, in his passion for the antique, and guided by the eminent Winckelmann, disposed some of his colossal heads against a hedge, in the midst of miniature busts set on slender columns. The effect is that of nightmare, and the failure in scale is like the most horrible discord in music. The gardens of the Villa Albani, however, belong to the eighteenth century, and there is a marked decadence in the later work as compared with earlier gardens, such as those of the Vatican, of the Frascati Villas, of the Villa Lante, or the Villa Farnese at Caprarola. Those who have not seen these gardens can easily grasp the difference by means of Mr. Latham's book.





THE LOGGIA, VILLA MEDICI, ROME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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The introductory notes and descriptive letterpress are contributed by Miss Evelyn March Philipps, who has collected a great deal of information, and presented it in a very agreeable form. It seems that in modern accounts of gardens one must

drawings, will have to look in vain. After all, these gardens were not arrived at by the light of Nature, and a critical analysis of their methods would add a good deal to the value of the book. There are one or two slips which might be corrected in another



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THE OUTLET, VILLA FARNESE, CAPRAROLA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

accept as inevitable a certain proneness to sentimentalising, and highly-coloured word-painting. Whether it is due to the material or to the writers, the dry light of the intellect rarely illuminates this delightful subject; and the plain man who looks for facts, and such prosaic information as might be given by measured

edition. "Frigidorium" should be "Frigidarium," and why should the family of the Acilii Glabrones be described as "conspicuous in Roman history from the time of the battle of Thermopylæ?" It is quite true that Marcus Acilius Glabrio did cut his way through the forces of Antiochus at





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FROM THE BRIDGE OF THE PALACE, COLONNA GARDENS, ROME.

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Thermopylæ, but this was in 191 B.C., and the famous stand at Thermopylæ, with which we are all familiar, was made in 480 B.C., before the Acilii Glabrones were ever heard of. Again, one would like to hear more of the "Hall of Apollo," "where Lucullus once feasted Cicero and Pompey at a cost of 50,000 drachmæ." One has heard of the area of Apollo on the Palatine, but what was this "Hall of Apollo" on the site of the Villa Medici?

There is also some confusion about the "Pigna," the enormous bronze fir-cone in the gardens of the Vatican. It is described in the plate as "formerly on the roof of the Pantheon," whereas in the text it is given as the apex of the mausoleum of Hadrian, or as part of a fountain in the Campus Martius. All that is known of it is that at one time it was the centre-piece of a fountain that used to stand in front of the old Basilica of St. Peter's.

Miss Philipps gives an attractive picture of Cardinal Albani and Winckelmann in the Cardinal's garden. She describes the Cardinal as having "paid for everything really beautiful that was brought to his notice with regal magnificence," and Winckelmann and the Cardinal as sauntering round the garden and discoursing on the antique. This is possible; but Casanova, one of the shrewdest observers of the eighteenth century, who knew them all on the spot, gives a different account. The Cardinal, he says, was "un fin Grec, et un connaisseur parfait; de sorte, qu'il avait trouvé le moyen de dépenser très peu d'argent, comparativement au chef d'œuvre qu'il avait l'art de produire. Il achetait, au reste, très souvent à crédit, comme

Damasippe, et de la sorte on ne pouvait pas dire qu'il se ruinait." As for Raphael Mengs, who was at work on the villa, Casanova says he never left the table sober, and Winckelmann, who was a cheerful soul, used to join him in his orgies and roll about on the floor with the children: "Ce savant philosophe n'avait rien de pédant." We fear that Casanova's account has more claim to acceptance than Miss Philipps' pretty romance; but it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the pleasure afforded by her very readable introduction. Miss Philipps loves and understands these beautiful gardens. She has caught their atmosphere, and one would not quarrel with the means she has employed to convey its very subtle and fanciful quality to the minds of her readers.

Mr. Latham's skill with the camera is too well known to need any praise. He has never produced finer photographs than these, and the subjects, with one or two exceptions, are well chosen. Such bad and even vulgar examples as the gardens of the Villa Fabricotti, the Villa Stibbert, and the Villa Montalto at Florence might well have been omitted, and their place taken by details from the Palazzo del Te at Mantua, or by such characteristic examples as the Villa Valmarana on the Monte Berico near Vicenza, where a long terrace overlooks the town, and figures of dwarfs and Pulcinelli are ranged along the garden wall. We miss, too, that wonderful little fountain court in the Villa Papa Giulia near Rome; but the collection on the whole is very complete, and lovers of gardens will be grateful to the authors for their very notable addition to the library of COUNTRY LIFE.

REGINALD BLOMFIELD.

## PROSPECTS FOR HAY.

FROM the reports that have been issued as to the outlook for hay in various counties, it would appear that 1905 is going to offer a striking contrast to its predecessor, which was distinguished for the magnificence of its hay crop. The reports come mostly from counties south of the Trent. In the North it is still too early to make a trustworthy forecast, but even there the grass is coming away so thinly that there is little chance of a good crop, unless the old proverb is fulfilled, which says:

"A flood in June  
Keeps all in tune."

Three days of drenching rain would cause the Northern crops to spring up with great vigour, and produce a harvest of uncommon bountifulness. But in the southern part of the island the prospect is dismal in the extreme. Even from Yorkshire we hear that if rain does not fall soon and plentifully the grass crop will be an extremely light one. In Berkshire, and the country generally along the banks of the Thames, including Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire, the hay, we are told, is thin, with very little bottom. In Derbyshire, which depends to a very great extent on its hay crop, the forecast is that it will be a very short return, unless a heavy fall of rain is followed by hot weather. Lincolnshire, also, sends a very pessimistic report. The old wheat lands there are now, to a very considerable extent, in grass, but we hear that the sun has scorched it up, or, it may be, the cold winds at night have blighted it. The light lands of Suffolk and Norfolk always suffer very badly from drought, and in some of the later operations on the sandy arable land, the farm servants and their horses have been enveloped in clouds of dust. The hay crop is expected to be a very light one, and those of the farmers who saved a very considerable part of last year's produce are likely to have reason to congratulate themselves on the result. On the Essex clays nothing better has been achieved. When this land was laid down in grass, owing to the depression in the wheat trade, it had really no suitability for that purpose, and in early days went to weeds and water-grass. On some farms, however, early grass received careful attention, and good crops of hay have been taken from them in recent years. But the drought has played havoc with the outlook this year. In some places the grass lands are actually cracked. A correspondent tells us that, some days before this was written, he found four of a brood of partridges who had got into one of these cracks of the earth and could not get out again, though the mother and father, attracted by their cries, ran about in agitation and tried to encourage them to make their escape. They must inevitably have died if the casual pedestrian had not helped them out of their difficulty. We are a raid that here the rain has come too late to be of much good, and the farmers must reconcile themselves to make the best they can of a poor crop. In Kent the grass has come away very badly, and shows many thin and burned-up spots and patches. Some farmers think it may still pick up a little, but others consider that it is too late. This is the more unfortunate because in Kent general farming is carried on very often in conjunction with

the cultivation of fruit, and little doubt can be entertained but that fruit in 1905 will turn out the worst failure imaginable. In the neighbouring county of Sussex the same complaints are heard on every side, and if we travel further south to Dorset we still hear that the crop is a very light one. These are very gloomy forebodings, and we only wish that there was less foundation for them. However, good husbandmen will have to consider in what way they can manage to do without hay if it be not forthcoming; and this is easier than used to be the case. Experiment has demonstrated that thoroughly chaffed straw can be made into a forage with feeding properties little inferior to those of average hay. Now it has rained for two consecutive days in London almost without ceasing. Not in showers, but with the gentle persistency which soaks steadily into the ground, and is the very best for vegetation. If this downpour has been at all general in its character, the least it will do is to lengthen the corn shoots and give the farmers an extra quantity of straw, which, in view of the scarcity of hay, they ought to be very careful of. Again, it is incumbent on them to make the most of their opportunities for obtaining catch crops from the soil. These serve to tide flocks and herds over the difficult season. Some years ago, farmers in such circumstances would with great emphasis have been advised to make silos, but experience has shown that the silo does not provide a very appetising food for cattle. They will eat it in the stress of circumstances, but prefer almost anything else. It is different with the root crop, however, and, if the present wet weather should continue, there ought to be no scarcity of this class of food.

A shortage of hay in the Southern Counties is little short of a calamity for London. Few people realise what a number of animals are required for this great city; but the imagination speedily begins to work if one recalls the number of livery stable-keepers, the quantity of cab and hansom horses used, the drays, carts, and carriages of all sorts that have to be hauled by horses, all of which need fodder. And the best of it comes from the Home Counties. As a rule it is carted, in many cases from farms lying at a radius of forty miles from Whitechapel. The men take two, and sometimes three, days to make the journey, often travelling by night when the roads are clear, and resting by day at the wayside hostelry. They are dangerous customers on the road, for as often as not the driver is sound asleep in his cart, while the horses jog on, trusting to their own knowledge of the way. The people are not very particular about lights, and the accident of running into a haycart is by no means an uncommon one. Those who rely on this trade for an important part of their livelihood must greatly feel the scarcity, and the people who have horses to feed will not by any means find it agreeable to pay for the carriage. And the worst of it is that hay is a commodity which at a price can be supplied from abroad. No sooner will it be ascertained definitely that our supply is short than farmers on the Continent will begin to fix their eyes on our market, though for the present it should be borne in mind that the same weather has prevailed all over Europe.